

The Sketch

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NINEPENCE.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN DIPLOMATIST: LADY HERBERT HERVEY.

Lady Herbert Hervey is the wife of Lord Herbert Robert Arthur Hervey, a younger brother of the Marquess of Bristol. Lord Herbert is in the Diplomatic Service, and has held important posts at Iquique, Monte Video, Uruguay, Guatemala, Abyssinia, and Bilbao. Lady Herbert Hervey

was, before her marriage, which took place in 1914, Lady Jean Alice Elaine Cochrane, daughter of the twelfth Earl of Dundonald. She has a little son, Victor Frederick Cochrane, born in 1915. Lord and Lady Herbert Hervey reside in Mount Street.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

Altruism Behind the Counter.

Some people still grumble at the price of certain articles of food and drink, but the majority of us realise the self-sacrifices of the middleman. To tell the truth, they are rather on my mind, these middlemen. Are they, I often wonder, taking sufficient care of themselves these hard times? Can the spirit-merchant at the corner, for example, really afford to sell a bottle of whisky for fifteen shillings? Is he not robbing himself? Is it not our duty to beg him to accept twenty-five shillings or a couple of pounds? What about the poor fellow's wife and children?

Then take the poulterer. There are men in the poultry trade, just mere humans like ourselves, who will open their shops and sell fowls for twelve- and -sixpence apiece without swooning. What is to be done for these heroes after the war? What reward can be great enough for a man who robs himself daily in order that his fellow-creatures may live and the Hun be utterly vanquished? Yes, a special medal should be struck for the poulterer.

The same medal might be awarded to the dealer in eggs. I know a shop where you can walk in with ninepence and come out with a whole egg! And not such a small egg at that! Blackbirds and sparrows have been known to lay eggs even smaller! The ill-conditioned, I suppose, would call this man a profiteer. Think of it! Ah, but what would they say if they could see him sitting up all night with a refractory robin, patiently coaxing it to lay just once again?

A Marvellous Dinner.

Then you have the restaurant-keeper. People go to these places and expect to be fed. Does the man flinch? Does he turn tail? Does he wring his hands and protest? Not a bit of it! He puts on a smiling face and welcomes—yes, actually welcomes!—them in.

A few nights ago I attended a dinner in London. It was a meatless day, as it happened; but, since the price of the tickets was no more than twelve-and-sixpence a head, we could hardly, in any case, have expected meat. This is what the wonderful manager contrived to do for us at that ridiculously low price—

One oyster.
Three spoonfuls of flour and water (coloured).
Fishbones in breadcrumb.
A yard of spaghetti.
Seven inches of macaroni.
A portion of tree-grown pear.

It can be done, you see, when the restaurateur is a genius and a philanthropist in one. I felt many scruples; I detested trading on the man's generosity; but I ate the oyster and a piece of bread, and felt grateful and satisfied.

Never doubt that this war is bringing out the best in everybody.

"The Meridian of Intellect."

An interesting correspondence has appeared in the *Observer* between Sir Edward Clarke and Mr. Hall Caine as to the meridian of intellect. Sir Edward Clarke said—rather rashly, I cannot help thinking—that thirty-seven marks the attainment of the highest level of the faculties of man.

A rash statement, I venture to repeat, because it can please only the men of thirty-seven. Men over thirty-seven will naturally be piqued when told that they have passed the highest level of their faculties, and men under thirty-seven will be highly indignant at the suggestion that any faculties could possibly be higher than their own faculties at the present moment.

Mr. Hall Caine, for example, at once turned up the lives of all the greatest writers in the history of the world. He compiled a list which proved that a genius is always a genius, and sent it along post-haste to Sir Edward Clarke. That is the spirit I admire. Don't argue—get the facts, and fling them at your adversary. Wordsworth, for instance, was about ninety when he wrote "We are Seven"; and yet the poem has been preserved in every standard reading-book, and is thus assured of immortality.

In the Army, of course, the meridian of intellect occurs very early. That is why so many gentlemen who have passed it go over-seas; and so many younger ones, with their intellects at fever-heat, are sternly ordered to remain this side of the Channel.

IN MEMORIAM.

I lost, a few days ago, one of the most faithful friends I ever had or shall have in this life. One should always be loth to intrude one's private sorrows on others, more especially in these days when almost every soul has its fill of sorrow. But I may be speaking for some who have endured a similar grief. If excuse be needed, let that be my excuse.

This old friend was the bravest and yet the gentlest creature God ever fashioned. He would, I

know, willingly have given his life for mine: he proved as much on more than one occasion. But he would never injure any living thing save at the call of duty.

We used to take long walks together in the country. How he loved those walks! He would wait with the utmost patience until I was ready to start, and then he was all enthusiasm and eager interest in a moment. However far the distance, he never flagged. However well-worn the route, he would find something new at every turn, and call my attention to it in an eloquent way that was all his own. What an ideal companion!

The Great War separated us. I felt compelled to leave my home, and he had to remain in his old neighbourhood, but in strange surroundings. I never realised how sorely he was pining until he came to town one day to see me. I was shocked at his condition. He was, I knew, old in years; but I had left him young at heart. The next day he died. He was my dear old dog.



APPEARING IN "VALENTINE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S:
MISS DORIS DEAN.

Miss Doris Dean acts and sings vivaciously as Carressa, a peasant maid, in "Valentine," the new "romantic comedy opera," at the St. James's.

Photograph by Elwin Neame.

"SERVICE"-ABLE GARDENING HINTS.





An Anglo-French Fund.

On the 9th takes place, at the Comédie-Française in Paris, a charity performance for the "Franco-Britannique" Fund in aid of the devastated countries. Lloyd George and Clemenceau are on the committee of the work; while the English Ambassador in Paris, Lady Hartington, the Duchess Decaze, the Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre, the Countess of Vogue, and many personalities well known both in London and Paris have devoted much energy to this useful organisation. The play chosen to be acted by the artistes of the Comédie-Française is Anatole France's "Les Noces Corinthiennes."



"I'LL BOOK YOUR ORDER IF YOU INSIST, MADAM; BUT WE ARE VERY SHORT-HANDED, AS EVERYBODY'S MOVING NOW TO AVOID MOVING AT QUARTER DAY, WHEN EVERYBODY'S MOVING."

"The only hope of engineering the move seems to be to pay two rents for a few weeks and move, so to speak, when others are not."—Daily Paper.

intelligence, is a member of the Wills family of Bristol, and niece of the late Lord Winterstoke, wife of Captain Neville Grimble, M.C., who went out to France in 1914 on the outbreak of war, with the original Expeditionary Force, and has been wounded three times.

A la Pompadour.

The white wig which Miss Marie Löhr wears in the travesty of the celebrated Marquise in the new play, "Love in a Cottage," sets off charmingly her fresh and sweet type of beauty. It shows us once more that white hair (all-white hair) is a most becoming face-frame; and, if an efficacious and thoroughly bleaching process could be achieved by some hair-dresser of genius, I doubt whether any woman who cared to look her best, even in *l'age mur* would be found with faded yellow or pepper-and-salt hair.

Two Christie's Canvases.

Two interesting portraits have lately been added to the Exhibition of Major Augustus John's works at the Alpine Club—that of Mrs. Neville Grimble and that of Colonel Edward Allen Brotherton. The latter portrait was one of the "empty canvases" gift of the artist, and realised some £900 for the benefit of the Red Cross Fund organised in 1917 by Christie's. Mrs. Neville Grimble (née Miss May Wills), whose beautiful portrait is full of life and



SEARCHING THE PARCEL POST FOR SMUGGLED IRISH BUTTER: SOME OF THE IRISH FOOD CONTROLLER'S STAFF.

The export of Irish butter is forbidden under heavy penalties, but many tricks are tried to get it through, and a big staff is employed to detect them.

Photograph by Central Press.



AUSTRALIA'S HIGH COMMISSIONER: SIR ANDREW FISHER AT THE AUSTRALIAN MILITARY POST OFFICE, ST. PANCRAS.

From left to right in the group (beginning with the second figure) are Sir Frederick Young, the Hon. J. D. Connolly, Sir C. Gregory Wade, the Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, P.C., Major Sir John McCall, M.D., and Captain Wilson.—Photograph by Sport and General.

From Playhouse to Parcels.

Lady Bective and her helpers are responsible for many parcels which go to our prisoners in Germany. Violet Campbell, the pretty, dark-haired ingénue at the Playhouse, is one of the workers who are a dab at parcel-making. She works with a will, because the war has been



THINGS THAT REALLY MATTER.

"The correct pronunciation of 'margarine' continues to exercise some of our readers."—The Star.

brought home to her by the fact that she has a brother in the Navy. The day she heard the news about the *Goeben* and *Breslau* Violet did parcels in record time. She was in such a state of excitement that she worked "nineteen to the dozen," as country-folk say.

Venice in London.

Have you heard of Venice in London? Well, I am told it is in the district by the Regent's Canal. Miss Emily Paterson, the well-known Scottish artist, noticed its possibilities, and has established herself in a flat there. She apparently is not afraid of air-raids, for she has left Edinburgh for London, and says she rather likes to be in the thick of things.

Society Women as Slaves and Fan-Bearers.

Those of you who visited the Savoy Fair may, perhaps, remember Miss Erica Beale's Egyptian Fantasia, "Princess Suri-Sama," which was played in the Winter Garden there. I hear it is to be given again in February, at a large charity matinée which is being organised, and which is to be one of the events of the New Year. I will disclose to you later the place and details. Miss Beale tells me her ballet is to be mimed this time instead of spoken, with the exception of a Prologue, which will be recited by Mlle. Marya, who is playing the part of Princess Suri-Sama. Mlle. Marya is a young Anglo-Polish actress and dancer. She will be remembered for her work in the Stage Society's production of Arthur Symons' "Toy Cart." Lately she has been doing much useful work in canteens abroad, but was obliged to give it up owing to a serious breakdown in her health. She is, however, now happily recovered.

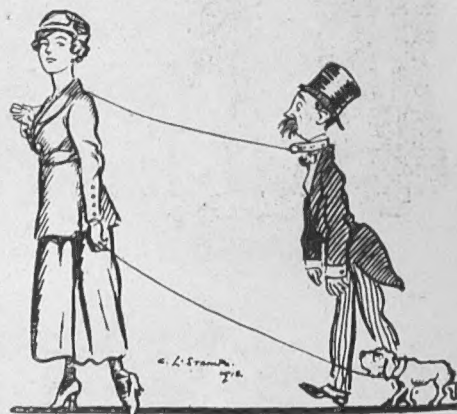
Lady Wilmoughby Williams, who played in the Egyptian Fantasia at the Savoy Fair, remains in the cast. The part of the Fan-Bearer is to be taken by Lady Muir Mackenzie, who is greatly interested in things Egyptian. She has, in fact, made a study of the subject. The First Slave is to be played by Lady Hewitt; while Leonoff, of the Imperial Russian Ballet, is taking the man's part, Baba-el-Yan. I hear he is thinking out some weird and wonderful ideas for his dance. He is, by-the-by, very busy at the moment, also, rehearsing for the forthcoming matinée at the Wigmore Hall on the 22nd, when he is dancing with Phyllis Bedells. I expect that you, *mes amis*, will recollect him from the Swinburne Ballet. Miss Beale is producing this time



A WELL-KNOWN DRAMATIC CRITIC: MR. J. T. GREIN.

Mr. J. T. Grein has been dramatic critic for the "Sunday Times" for twenty years, and is well known for his work in popularising Ibsen, Zola, and Bernard Shaw.

Photograph by Bassano.



"You must not talk about anyone 25 or 26 years of age being unable to manage anything, especially a lady."—National Service Representative at Harrow Tribunal to applicant who said his wife could not manage the business.

conjointly with Miss Violet King, a former Bensonian and the producer at Mme. Vandyck's Academy.

The Casual One o'Clock Call.

What we seldom hear nowadays—"Do drop in for lunch any day you like, my dear." To invite people to feed with you at your own house requires some courage nowadays, and the casual one o'clock call is a thing of the plentiful past! Food-hogging has certainly become most unfashionable. Everyone who is anybody has their pet self-denial act. The Baroness Percy de Worms, though she likes tea, has cut it out altogether. In its place she takes coffee,



"Seen Marie Corelli's 'Holy Orders,' Constable?"

"Nothin' to do with me. She'll 'ave to take 'er turn in the queue same as anyone else."

because coffee is easy to get and more plentiful than tea. She also holds that tea ought to be left to the people who have little time to spare in the preparation of food and drink. Coffee takes skill, a little time, and more milk than tea—that is, generally speaking. The Baroness often takes hers black. I have heard her say she intends to start a crèche in Chelsea later on. It appears one is needed there.

More for the Mother.

Judge Henry Neil, the originator of

Mother's Pensions, has sent me a little booklet dealing

with Lady Beatty's work in connection with the Jutland Fund which she inaugurated. It appears that out of the Jutland Fund many sailors' widows are being helped to comfort, and their children to a good education. Lady Beatty and Judge Neil agree on a point that deserves more attention than it gets—namely, that mothers ought not to work in factories and the like. Judge Henry Neil, who is one of the most interesting speakers I have met, started the Mothers' Pension idea in America—that is, the poor mothers get the sums that it used to cost a workhouse or infirmary for keeping destitute children. He believes that the mother is the best custodian, in most cases, for her children. Most of us will agree with him.



"My special sympathy belongs to the great tasks... in the re-construction of family life and the education of a God-fearing and healthy young generation worthy of their fathers."—Wilhelm to his Court Preacher.

The Venturesome Valencia.

Mlle. Tortola Valencia, danseuse well remembered in London, and who recently appeared with success in a monster revue in the Century Theatre in New York, has gone to Mexico City for a season. On account of the revolution still in progress there, and the guerilla warfare throughout the country, travel is very dangerous. Valencia is one of the few women who have ventured there from America lately.



"THERE'S SOME TALK OF THE IDEAL BISHOP BEING PUT INTO LONG TROUSERS."

Mr. J. J. Pigg, in the "Commonwealth," proposes to take the gaiters off bishops.

almost innumerable years. And here enters the quaintness of the list—for no one has ever discovered that the adorable Sir James is an orator! Mr. Kipling has lived in America, and is much admired for his writings, which include the personification and apotheosis of inanimate things like steam-engines. These appeal to Americans as something with a "punch"—a push and a go. They get there! Mr. H. G. Wells they want because of his prophecy of battles in the air,

Silver-Tongued Orators.

How limited is the American idea of English oratory and persuasiveness may be judged from the quaint list of speakers on the war whom Americans would like to hear. Mr. Asquith, as Premier, was, of course, well known, and might be likened in flow of language to "the silver-tongued boy orator," as Mr. William Jennings Bryan used to be called—possibly because at one time he favoured free silver. Viscount Bryce was very popular as Ambassador; Viscount Grey became known when the war began. With Sir James Barrie, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. H. G. Wells we step on firmer ground. "Peter Pan," as played by Miss Maud Adams, has charmed innumerable American audiences for



THE W.A.A.C.'S CHIEF CONTROLLER: MRS. GWYN VAUGHAN ADDRESSING A DETACHMENT OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL AT CARDIFF.



TO ACCOMPANY LADY DROGHEDA AND HER AIRCRAFT EXHIBITION TO AMERICA: THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS MACLAREN.

Mrs. Maclaren's husband was killed recently while flying at Montrose. Photograph by Val d'Estrange.

An American Visitor.

Dave Stamper, American composer of midnight melodies, who wrote most of the music for "Zig-Zag," is staying at the Savoy, with a boxful of new tunes for Mr. de Courville's new Hippodrome production, "Box o' Tricks."

A Poet Propagandist.

Among the Englishmen in America who are doing propaganda work is Mr. Alfred Noyes, the poet. He is Professor of English Literature in Princeton University, of which President Wilson was at one time the head. I once heard Mr. Noyes lecture on Poetry at Columbia University in New York, when he read some of his own poems, to the evident pleasure of his large audience. As he dresses like a business man, wears his hair short, and speaks with authority, he is of the type to appeal to Americans. "There's no nonsense about him," would be their manner of describing him. His war-work consists in attacking, by lectures, one of the strongholds of pro-Germanism—the Modern Languages Association, which is honeycombed with insidious *Deutschland-über-Alles* ideas. His travels have covered a wide area, and he is doing yeoman service.

Re-Making France.

A community centre has been established at Blérancourt, on the Aisne, by a group of ten American women, including Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. These women live and work as soldiers; and supply houses, schools, food, and clothing to twenty-seven villages released from the Germans. A motor soup-kitchen is part of their outfit.

Some Material for Next Novels.

I have had a note from Mrs. Elinor Glyn, who is in France. She is still working hard on the reconstruction work which is being carried on behind our lines. The contrast between the battle regions and Paris, which stands for civilised life, is wonderful, she says. By the way,

all Paris is wearing satin cloaks, and Mrs. Elinor Glyn has a characteristic wrap of souple-black satin which she wraps about her in a picturesque way, and which, with a Lucille hat of clever line and a floating veil, makes an effective frame for her white skin, red hair, and grey-green eyes. Mrs. Glyn is as romantic in appearance as her works.

Lady Clancarty's Cotillon.

Dances are once more among the few allowed pleasures. I hear of one to be given on Shrove Tuesday. Mrs. Hibberd Beale is organising it in aid of Miss Beale's Hospital Concerts. It is to take place at 55, Stanhope Gardens, which has been kindly lent by Mrs. Rowlands for

the occasion, and—there is to be a cotillon! Lady Clancarty, who is a most energetic worker for many war charities, is assisting Mrs. Beale in the organising.

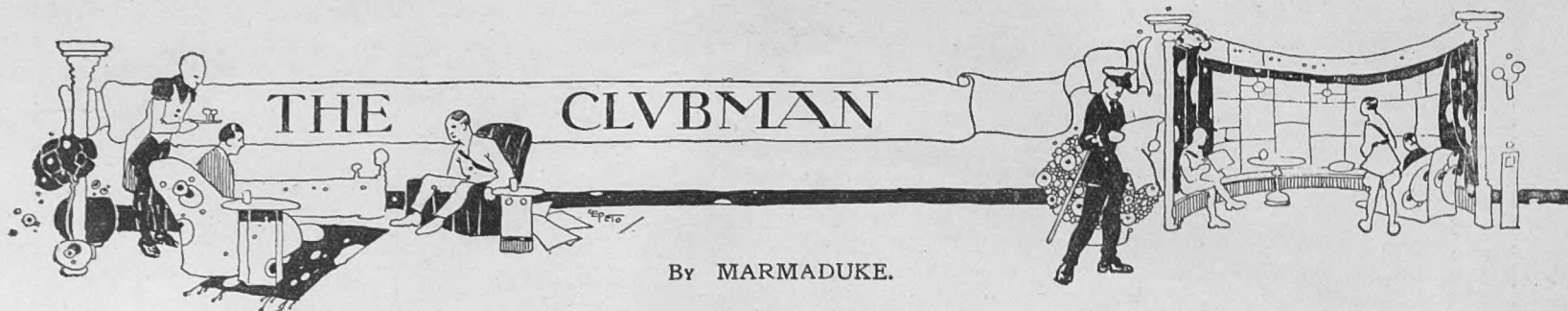


MISS MARIE LÖHR IN MANAGEMENT.

Our youngest actress-manager had a great reception and made a graceful little speech.



THE FIRST NIGHT AT THE GLOBE UNDER MISS MARIE LÖHR'S MANAGEMENT: THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE WERE THERE.



By MARMADUKE.

D ID Richard III. utter the memorable exclamation attributed to him, "A horse—a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" it is to be assumed it was a horse to ride he required, not to eat! Should the war last much longer, the conditions of famine that would probably prevail throughout the world might make us grateful were there yet horseflesh to fall back upon! It may be news to the present short-memory generation to learn that, towards the end of 1867, several of the most fashionable men of London and best judges of cooking held a dinner at a celebrated West-End hotel at which the only substantial material used was horseflesh!

"The Great Horse Dinner"—the title applied to it by the English newspapers of the day—was regarded as an especially important experiment. Several weeks in advance a "Preparation Committee" was appointed, which entered fully and patiently into even the minutest details—eventually choosing for the purpose a horse that had been eighteen years in harness, feeding it for the occasion upon the most scientific principles, finding a butcher willing to cut the carcase into orthodox joints, and confiding the meat to the greatest *chef* of the time. It is upon record that several of those to be entertained came to dread the ordeal as the night approached—though there was not one of them that did not express the utmost surprise and satisfaction at the result at the close of the evening.

There, fortunately, survives a copy of the *menu*, and in these days, when a multitude of attempts are being made to discover "substitutes" for food-material in ordinary use before the war, it should be of interest to republish it here—

MENU.

Potage—Le Consommé aux quenelles.

Hors-d'oeuvres—Les Saucisses de Cheval aux Pistaches
Les Crêpinettes de Cheval aux Truffes.

Entrées—Les petites crôustades à la Moëlle
Les Escalopes aux fines herbes
L'émincée à la Polonaise

Relevés—Le Filet piqué rôti à la Poivrade
La Culotte de Cheval braisé aux choux.

Second Service—Les Mayonnaises de homard à l'huile de Cheval.

The experts present unanimously pronounced the dinner to be an unqualified success, surpassing the expectations of even the most enthusiastic promoters of the experiment. The Committee ultimately issued a "Report," from which it is only necessary to quote isolated passages: "... The horse has long been recognised in certain countries, and by men whose authority upon such subjects deserves attention, as fit for human food—by many of the last-mentioned not only recognised, but recommended. ... After the test to which it has been submitted at the late dinner, we are enabled to

assert unhesitatingly that horseflesh is fine in texture, tender in quality, and unimpeachable in flavour. ... " An independent opinion expressed by one of the Committee may be added, he referring triumphantly to the "real test of a good dinner—the happy state of the digestive organs upon the following morning." One of the finest judges present, moreover, insisted that he "recognised, without shadow of doubt, the taste and 'bite' of flesh often eaten by him before—especially in made-up dishes at the clubs"!

It may be that the objection to horseflesh in England arises mostly from "insular" prejudice; there have been, and yet are, prejudices in every country with regard to various foods popular in others. Upon the potato first being introduced into France, for instance, the use of it was soon officially prohibited—especially in Burgundy—the authorities imagining that it caused leprosy! "It was chiefly through the exertions of the celebrated chemist, Parmentier, that the prejudice of the French people against the potato was removed, and that it was brought into general use amongst them. Even as late as at the time of the Revolution, so little were the vulgar reconciled to this species of food that, upon Parmentier being proposed for some municipal office, one of the voters determinedly opposed his election, insisting that it was to Parmentier that was due the introduction of the potato."

The "distress" yet experienced in England is so slight—especially compared to the privations the war has entailed upon Germany and Austro-Hungary—that the employment of the word

to the shortage here recalls the stir created little less than a hundred years ago, in 1829, and described in the newspapers of the period as "Distress of the Drapers' Company." The Drapers may not now hold their annual dinner on May 29, but until the year referred to it was the "regulation" date for the purpose. It appears that the season in 1829 was exceptionally backward and that, therefore, the Drapers found it difficult to obtain green peas for the dinner. "Although they offered in Covent Garden Market sixty guineas for sixty quarts, the holders refused to supply the Company at the price—and, it being a 'principle' with the Company never to pay more than a guinea per quart for peas, the Drapers were not enabled to boast on this occasion of having the particular luxury on the table. The absence of green peas—a circumstance never yet recorded at such an entertainment—seemed to be regarded by many of the members present as not only a catastrophe, but as an omen of serious import. ... " The extract is quoted from a London newspaper of the day.



ITALY'S NAVAL CHIEF OF STAFF IN LONDON: ADMIRAL COUNT THAON DI REVEL (RIGHT) AND CAPTAIN COUNT CARLO REY DI VILLAREY, NAVAL ATTACHÉ.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE ITALIAN PREMIER IN LONDON: SIGNOR ORLANDO (CENTRE), WITH THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR, THE MARQUIS IMPERIALI (LEFT), AND DR. CRESPI, MINISTER FOR SUPPLIES.

Photograph by Sport and General.

ENGAGED TO AN OFFICER IN THE GRENADIER GUARDS.



TO MARRY MR. ROBERT L. DUNVILLE, GRENADIER GUARDS: MISS PHYLLIS COMBE, A RELATIVE OF THE MARQUESS CONYNHAM.

Miss Phyllis Combe is the elder daughter of Captain Christian Combe, formerly of the Royal Horse Guards, and Lady Jane Seymour Combe, daughter of the third Marquess Conyngham and aunt of the present peer. Miss Combe, it was announced a few days ago, is engaged to Mr. Robert

L. Dunville, of the Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Wing-Commander John Dunville, R.N., and Mrs. Dunville. The bride-elect has two brothers, both in the Army, and a younger sister. Her parents town house is in Belgrave Square, and they have a place in Scotland, at Strathconan, Muir of Ord.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

HE, SHE, AND THE HUSBAND: A THEATRICAL TRIANGLE.



IN "SLEEPING PARTNERS": MISS MADGE LESSING AS SHE; MR. STANLEY TURNBULL AS THE HUSBAND.



HE AND SHE: MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AND MISS MADGE LESSING IN "SLEEPING PARTNERS."



"LET US DRINK TO MORPHEUS!" MISS MADGE LESSING AS SHE AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS HE IN "SLEEPING PARTNERS," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

"Sleeping Partners," at the St. Martin's Theatre, is officially described as "a Garden of Eden episode." It was adapted by Mr. Seymour Hicks from the French of M. Sacha Guitry, and Mr. Hicks also takes one of the leading parts in the piece. There are only three other characters—She (Miss

Madge Lessing), The Husband (Mr. Stanley Turnbull), and the Servant (Mr. William Home). The plot turns on an amorous intrigue in which She is saved from going too far by taking a sleeping draught by mistake for sal volatile. The same potion prevents The Husband from finding her out.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

MARIE THE MANAGERESS: POMPADOUR AND NURSE.



HER FIRST PART AS ACTRESS-MANAGER: MISS MARIE LÖHR AS SYBIL BRUCE IN "LOVE IN A COTTAGE,"
AT THE GLOBE—IN FANCY DRESS AS LA POMPADOUR, AND IN NURSING COSTUME.

Miss Marie Löhr made her début as actress-manager at the Globe last week, in Mr. Somerset Maugham's new comedy, "Love in a Cottage." Her part is that of Sybil Bruce, a wife separated from her husband, and working hard for her living as a nurse at Como.

Her husband dies and leaves her a fortune, which she is to forfeit on re-marriage. Sybil goes to see life in Paris, where she gives a Louis Quinze ball, and appears as La Pompadour. Eventually she marries the only man who wants her without her money.



JOFFRE UN COMPLIMENT !

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

THE other morning, when it was winter and was trying to snow through a dark fog, I was sitting in a red 'bus that skidded and slid down Holborn. The elderly male conductor, collecting fares, had a most distressing, permeating cold. He saw my inquiring eye upon him, and he said, "Yus, lady—in bed I oughter be; an' 'ave been raked out of it to take this job—the 'bus girls 'as turned it down in dozens this last month." (The same, I hear, is true of the tram conductresses.) I have often wondered myself how the girls *do* stand—literally—the long hours and trying conditions, especially on some of the long-distance journeys. This winter, at last, the L.G.O. have given all the girls big overcoats—last year they had to work right through the bitter weather without them. I think they, and the Underground girls, are doing such hard work that everything possible should be done to make them comfortable.

I am glad to know, at long last, who the two striking-looking children—always dressed with an individuality that, although artistic, just isn't Chelsea—really are. Because, whenever I walk through the Park from my lair to my club, I meet them, chaperoned by a worthy governess or their charming mamma; and always I admire them afresh. They are Young Britain at its best and most beautiful—also quite unself-conscious of the fact. Their names are the Misses Northey; their father is the Major-General of that name, distinguished and much decorated in war; and his wife, Miss Evangeline Cloete, came from South Africa.

I was privileged the other afternoon to hear the score of Miss Florence Parbury's new operette, "Lalla Roukh," a charming Oriental fantasy inspired by the lady's travels in Kashmir. It is to be given quite shortly at a matinée at the Alhambra, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Weigall, known for his Eastern comprehension and accuracy—we hear that some very beautiful women are to be included in the cast. The entire proceeds of the matinée are to go into the coffers of the "Comrades of the War," ear-marked for the land settlement within the Empire of discharged soldiers and sailors. Further details anon—I can only whisper now that the music is simply beautiful.

In Paris they are repeating a rather amusing story of Maréchal Joffre. Whenever and wherever he appears in Society—which is not very frequently, as the Maréchal is anything but a drawing-room butterfly—he is lionised and "crowdised," and generally afflicted with the plague of popularity. It seems that the other night he was bagged by a literary woman whose purpose in life is to have her small *salon* filled with great people.

She slyly sidled up to the unsuspecting Maréchal and presented suddenly at him, point-blank, one of those deadly things called an album. "Just one line, Maréchal," she cajoled; "just one, and I'll be the happiest woman in the world!"

"But Madame"—

"One little line, I beg of you!"

The Maréchal bowed, accepted the pen (or should I say the goose-quill?) that was handed him, glanced at his wrist-watch, and in a ticking silence, so to speak, while the lady waited with baited breath, wrote this great but uncompromising truth—

"Eleven fifteen A.M."

"It was once said by a wit that—

"L'Album

Est le vade-mecum

D'une coquette

Qui guette

Un compliment

Qui ment."

This time the "compliment" was not exactly of the obvious kind—what?



"An Oriental fantasy."

I must tell our American visitors of another beauty spot which I only discovered the other day—a perfect day. Imagine Christchurch with the sun shining on it for hours and hours. It is just one of the most unspoiled and beautiful towns left in England. Certainly, as you drive by the car, you do pass through about a hundred yards of hideousness, but this only whets your appetite for the dream-corner round the church—I had almost said cathedral.

You pass up a narrow street, with old-world houses on each side. At one, called "The Country House," you may eat good English fare, the while you sit on an ancient and comfortable arm-chair in a bay-window from which you watch the passers-by on the red flagstones. Then comes the gate of the churchyard, an avenue of wych-elms, and you are inside the church.

I suppose everyone turns first to see the monument to Percy Bysshe Shelley, poet, and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, his wife. A brass plate near states that the poet's only child, Sir Percy Shelley, died in 1889. He was childless, so, sad to say, the poet's line died with him. A friend of mine who saw the late Sir Percy Shelley when she was a romantic girl of seventeen remembers feeling very surprised that he did not look more poetical.

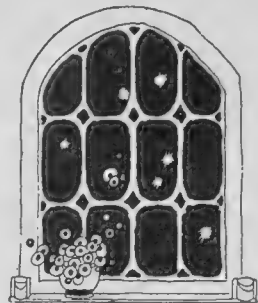
It distressed her that the descendant of the poet should always wear grey cotton gloves. Very economical though, my dear!

Sir Percy Shelley was a most gifted actor, and organised excellent performances with the aid of professionals, to the delight of his

friends and the great benefit of the charities in which he was interested.

But to return to the church. I made the tour of it in most delightful company. First, a custodian who—unlike so many, who just rush you round—told me he had been showing people round the church for thirty-five years, and always would find some fresh beauty. With us came two delightful dark-eyed children; they were as keenly interested as I was when we were shown a page in the Visitors' Book—there was a "William R.I." scrawled, and dated 1907. "That," said the custodian, "is the German Emperor." "But why 'William'?" said I. "Oh, that's his *deceitfulness*," said our guide. "He might explain it by saying he meant it for a compliment. But I don't think so. If I had signed my name in Germany, should I have written Wilhelm? He came with nine other men, and none of them dared speak first. He wore a sort of uniform grey cloak, though he was in mufti. I will say, though, he was thorough—took about two hours, as against fifteen minutes which our King Edward spent. You see, he's put 'R.' for King and 'I.' for Emperor. Next time he came he meant to put 'R.W.'—'Ruler of the World'; instead, ten years after, came a gentleman who said, 'Do let me sign my name on the Kaiser's page—I'm a great friend of his'; so I let him, and you can see he signed 'Louis Rae-maekers, Dutch cartoonist'" (he might have added "humourist").

I also saw the signature "Victoria May" (your Queen), who visited the church in the company of Lady Chichester and Lady Maud Warrender. We wandered all round the church, saw the wonderful beam which, having been cut



"An ancient and comfortable arm-chair."

too short, grew in the night to the required length—ah, could we but to-day just go to sleep and find on waking all our mistakes and misfits made good! I saw where the Abbot John de Raper (I really forget now whether he was the first or the last) lay buried, with a hammer to knock at the door, a candle to light him, and a penny in his hand for Peter. This last did seem to me ever so like the Styx ferry—money the Greek dead always offered to Charon. When Henry VIII. destroyed the monastery in 1539 he did leave a parish priest



"Eleven fifteen A.M."

with £26 per annum—as the custodian drily remarked, that is commonly called "a living."

The lovely tomb Margaret Countess of Salisbury prepared for herself stands still unused, looking as fresh as if it had been finished yesterday, though the dame who thought to lie there was executed on Tower Hill in 1541.

There are two wonderful flags belonging to the Christchurch Artillery Volunteers, raised during the time of the scare of a Napoleonic invasion. In those days Bournemouth was a suburb of Christchurch. Even in 1851 the population of Bournemouth was only 411; to-day it is 80,000.

By this time in our tour we had shared the fate of Alice in Wonderland when she fell into the Pool of Tears—that is to say, many curious creatures had joined our company: many old ladies with lap-dogs, who thought they knew more about the church than the custodian did; so, when the charming little lady of some seven summers told me she wanted "Oh, so much to go up to the Clerestory," I advised her to tell her wish secretly to him who must be obeyed. The custodian soon melted to her witchery. "Wait quietly," he said, "till these people have gone, and I'll take you." And then he turned to me and issued the royal invitation, "You can come too; I see you love the place." So, having at last got rid of the collection of (walking) curiosities, we—little lady of my heart, her brother of five, nurse, and I—went up a winding staircase, through a passage in the thickness of the wall, on past the place where 1500 bodies had been disinterred, on the right to the Clerestory, and then—best surprise of all—on to the roof of the tower. One glimpse of sheer delight,

and then down the dark and dizzy stairs out into the sunlight, to sloe-gin at the King's Arms and lunch at "The Country House." After lunch, the churchyard. I have felt somewhat jealous of my fellow-contributor's square rhymes, the while I laughed at them, so I cannot resist the temptation to be a cat and tell him that this form of expression was invented in 1619. This is the epitaph—

"At the ester end of this free Stone, here doth lie the Little bone of Walter Spurrer, That fine boy that was his Friends' only joy. He was Drowned at the Milhams Bridg The twentieth of August 1691."

Since we have a Censor, why is he not more thorough? It is all very well to strike names out of soldiers' letters, but so few people know geography or spelling that there would be little harm done even if—"Wipers" did wriggle out. Also it is kind of him to see that chorus ladies don't catch cold in the wings (poor angels!), and that grown-ups should have their plays parboiled for them; but why not, as well, censor social conversation? Wouldn't you be glad, for instance, to have the many inquisitive asses of your acquaintance muzzled effectively by a strict and sensible Censorship? You know, the person who, for lack of conversational powers, falls back on questions requiring less imagination on his part, but exacting it on our own. The eager-for-knowledge sort of

idiot who asks you abruptly, in front of several persons to whom you have already given different accounts, "And *where* were you the night of the last raid?" And that's not the only sort of uncomfortable catechism they put you through. They often, also, attack innocent and defenceless children. At a Christmas house-party in the country this last Christmas I was the horror-struck witness of such a disastrous cross-examining.

At dinner on Christmas Day there was a dear little girl of three who had come down on a visit the night before with her aunt, a charming spinster of some twenty-five Christmases. During a temporary pause of turkey absorption, the Inquisitive Curse miewed across the table to the good and quiet child, "Well, and did you see Father Christmas and the reindeer last night?"

Very seriously the child answered, "I did not see the *rain* (!), but I saw Father Christmas."

"Indeed; and did he come through the window in our room, in his red coat and hood, with his arms full of toys?"

"No; he came in through the door. I could not see if he had toys, 'cause he caught Auntie Muriel in his arms."

Then everyone began talking at once!



"I cannot resist the temptation to be a cat."

SMALL TALK



SOME people are merely busy; others work. Lady Askwith, wife of Sir George Askwith—who has done more than any other man towards the securing and maintenance of peace in the industrial world—is one of those who work, and has recently added to her responsibility by undertaking to become Hon. Secretary

of the movement which aims at obtaining the opinion of women who hold official or semi-official positions as to whether women should or should not be conscripted in order that many times wounded men should not be sent back to the front. If any woman is capable of devising a scheme for utilising the woman-power of the country to achieve that end, that woman is Lady Askwith, to whose practical common-sense and organising ability more than one scheme of war "work" is indebted for its success. She it was who was mainly responsible for the opening of public kitchens in East London, and she is one of the comparatively few people who see nothing strange in a woman being incapable of cooking her own dinner. Her efforts towards the promotion of communal kitchens date from long before the war.



ENGAGED: MISS CECILIA UPPLEBY.

Miss Uppleby, whose engagement to Mr. W. M. Saunders, of Wennington Hall, Lancaster, is announced, is the only child of the Rev. J. C. Uppleby, and Mrs. Uppleby, of The Hall, Barrow-on-Humber, Lincolnshire.

Photograph by J. Bassano.

Seagulls' Eggs. Lady Glover's advice that seagulls' eggs should be collected and pressed into the service of the national food-coffers is excellent so far as it goes. They would, no doubt, be delicious. But the business of gathering what would be a very welcome addition to our daily war food would not be without its dangers, and Lady Glover's suggestion might conceivably relieve the food situation in another way to that which she intended:

Well Equipped. If actual experience of war is a qualification, no man is better fitted for the task of explaining the war aims of the Allies to America than Lord Dunmore, who left England the other day for that purpose. He has served through the present war, and won the D.S.O. doing it; and is entitled also to wear the V.C. for valour shown on the North-West Frontier of India; whilst his other fighting experiences include the Soudan and South Africa. Lord

Dunmore belongs to a junior branch of the house of Atholl, so that his brilliant military record is not, perhaps, surprising. As to his powers as an orator, he has at least had plenty of opportunity of hearing others speak—he is a County Councillor for Clapham.

An Admirable Crichton.

Sir Henry Norman, M.P., who has become an additional member of the Air Council, is one of those men of universal accomplishment who are the despair of ordinary people. He began as a journalist, and wrote an excellent book on Japan; but he has turned his attention to all kinds of things—motor-cab companies, flying-machines, wireless, foreign affairs, education, and "The World's Work" generally. He has done good service in the present war as liaison officer between

the French and English Munitions Departments, and is qualified for his new post by a great enthusiasm for matters aerial. He is married to Lord Aberconway's daughter, and lives in a charming corner house in that pleasant little backwater of Westminster, Cowley Street, notable also as the abiding place of Mr. Harry Brittain. It is full, but not too full, of the most charming things testifying to the terribly comprehensive culture of its occupant.

The Peerage Romance.

Few kinds of law cases so pique public interest as those in which a poor and obscure person claims a peerage or a great estate. It is the very stuff of conventional romance. Such was the case in the last great claim of "Viscount Hinton," an organ-grinder, to the Poulett title. Personally, I never come across a trial of this kind without being reminded of that almost forgotten novel, "Ten Thousand a Year." It is bosh as literature, but curiously interesting as a

document of the times. I know of no novel which so completely emphasises the difference between the Reform Bill days and our own age. Curiously enough, the subject has never been adopted by a modern literary artist in the grand manner. Yet an up-to-date Tittlebat Titmouse, in the atmosphere of the present day, would be a thing for all time, if portrayed by a master hand.

Jeremiah the Gay.

I notice that Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh, M.P., has been called to the English Bar—another step in the naturalisation of a Celt, who has taken most kindly to London. It is odd that his godfathers and godmothers should have given him a Christian name so desponding in its associations, for he is the cheeriest of men, and in a small way the wittiest. Even the war has not withered, nor the dreariness of the present House of Commons staled, his infinite variety as a jester. A good many Parliamentary catchwords are laid to his credit, among them the famous "war to the knife and fork"—when the Die Hards and the Balfourites dined daily against each other.

I wonder whether he remembers a certain trip to Finland some years ago, in the course of which he talked a good deal about the rights of man and the sacred cause of freedom. None of us dreamed at that time that the end of the Russian Colossus was so near, or that our hosts would soon be in the maelstrom of universal upheaval.

Country Hosts. Although it is easy to understand the pleasure with which men wounded in the war return to the lights and delights of London, there are many to whom the most real sense of "home" lies in the country. The plea of the Marquess of Sligo and Viscount Knutsford for more country hosts is therefore one to be cordially endorsed.



ENGAGED: MISS LILIAN W. CROOK.

Miss Lilian Winifred Crook, whose engagement to Lieutenant Hugh C. Bankart, Middlesex Regiment, and R.F.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Bankart, Old Deer Park Gardens, Richmond, is announced, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crook, of Brockley.

Photograph by Vandijk.



ENGAGED: MISS ANNIE SMALL.

Miss Annie Small, whose engagement to Captain Le Brasseur, Royal Field Artillery, has just been announced, is the daughter of the late Mr. Henry Small, and of Mrs. Small, of Donhead Lodge, Wimbledon.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED: MISS ENID S. M. GRAY.

Miss Enid Sylvia Mowbray Gray, whose engagement to Captain Richard W. Sparrow, M.C., 20th Hussars, is announced, is the daughter of the late Mr. Mowbray Gray, and Mrs. Mowbray-Gray, of Surbiton.

Photograph by Chaplin Jones.



ENGAGED: MISS MARY SIMONDS.

Miss Simonds, who is engaged to Lieutenant W. W. F. Hunt, R.F.A., eldest son of Mr. William A. Hunt, of Headbourne Worthy House, is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Barron Simonds.

Photograph by Bassano.

THE WATERFORD PEERAGE CASE: PEOPLE AND PLACES.



(1.) THE FAMILY SEAT: CURRAGHMORE HOUSE. (2.) ALLEGED BY THE CLAIMANT TO HAVE BEEN HIS MOTHER: THE FIFTH MARQUESS'S FIRST WIFE AND HER BABY—AN EFFIGY IN CLONEGAN CHURCH. (3.) THE CLAIMANT WITH THREE WITNESSES: (L. TO R.) MR. W. BELL, MRS. SIMMONS, THE CLAIMANT, AND MR. C. J. EMMET. (4.) THE RESPONDENT: THE PRESENT MARQUESS, AT A MEET OF THE WATERFORD HUNT. (5.) THE UNSUCCESSFUL CLAIMANT.

The claim of "George Beresford" (or Tooth), a London gardener, to be the lawful son of the fifth Marquess of Waterford, was dismissed, with costs, on Feb. 1 by Mr. Justice Coleridge. The Judge, in summing-up, said: "It

has also been proved that the petitioner is the son of Georgina Tooth . . . and has never had any connection, legitimate or illegitimate, with any member of the Waterford family."—[Photographs by Poole, Sport and General, and Barratt.]



IF the Prince of Wales had quite an elderly sensation the other week, when he tipped a younger brother going to Eton, how very mature it must have felt to be writing out another cheque—one of a hundred guineas for the National Milk Hostels. The story of that liberal slip of paper was told to her friends by Lady Maud Warrender. To her the Prince promised a calf from his farm, which she was to auction for the cause. But transit and other difficulties suggested to the Prince a readier method of procedure, and a vastly more profitable one for the fund. He bought in the calf—the golden calf. And if that was calf-love, it was of a kind for which he has everybody's approving praise.

The Johns Have It. Mr. John Sargent in America has "john'd up"—with Augustus John, and with Sir John Lavery—as a maker of

pictures that are to help on the war. His portrait of President Wilson, painted on the blank canvas for which Mr. Hugh Lane paid £10,000 to enrich the Red Cross, is now complete. It is a Propagandist picture, a friend who has seen it tells me. The President is all determination. The Ulster blood that he carries has run into the pigments on Sargent's palette. Not Sir Edward himself could look more uncompromising. The President whose name was once irreverently written Will-son is here seen with all his Wills-on. He is the second President whom Sargent has painted. Roosevelt he represented with his hand on a wooden ball—a suggestion of his power over all the world. No pretty symbolism of that sort is needed in the new picture. The

A DEVOTED WAR-WORKER: LADY DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

Lady Dorothy Douglas, who has been nursing for two years in England, is shortly going to France to take up war-work. Lady Dorothy is the only daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry, and was born in 1894.

Photograph by Swaine.

portrait of President Wilson is the portrait of a born, and one might almost say, an hereditary, ruler of men.

Greatly Canvassed. Sir John Lavery is to make tracks for Gibraltar to paint the Mediterranean Squadron—a companion picture to that which he has already achieved in the North Sea. Meanwhile, he has put the finishing touches to his capital portraits of Admiral Sir David Beattie and the game Duke of Westminster. Both these unrelenting men proved themselves to be excellent sitters, nearly the best he ever had, Sir John says, barring the King and Queen—the present company always excepted, Lady Lavery, to wit. And Major Augustus John, I hear, really gets very near to having a "brush" with the enemy. He writes home from Flanders that he finds the front lines a very fascinating place of study for the great war-canvas upon which he is to concentrate. Augustus John as a military painter! The surprises of the war have not spared the studios; and one of the greatest of these was the transference into khaki of both the painter and his paints.

The Absent Host. One minor compensation for being a prisoner in Germany is that you can give to a friend an undisturbed tenancy of your empty house at home—if you happen to have one. Lord Gerald Grosvenor has, in this spirit, placed his

Shropshire home, Ash Grange, near Whitchurch, at the disposal of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge. Ash anything is a lucky name nowadays, if it means that an ash forest is near—that most precious of woods in the building of aeroplanes. John Bright's address in the old days used simply to be One Ash, Rochdale. There was a Quaker moderation in that nomenclature; but even one well-grown ash is worth money. And money's money nowadays, and likely enough to be more so.

The Disunited States.

Lady Loughborough has betaken herself and her almost equally pretty baby boy to a little cottage near Winchester, where her husband is quartered. So he is also halved—better-halved, his friends say. That is an arrangement which has its counterparts all over England; and it is when they read of such family reunions that American wives, with their men in the war, feel just a little envious. An American friend tells me that two hundred thousand American women want to cross the Atlantic, and come where they can be within reach of their men if they are wounded, and when they are on leave. Of course, it cannot be done. Indeed, Admiral Sims has set a face of steel against the wives of his sea-

captains coming to France on Red Cross work. Even that crossing has his veto. "No Antics," he says, "no Atlantics!" But then, as a very self-revealing lady in Washington has sharply commented, he cannot say "No frantics"! And, a final shot, "We isolated ones live in the so-called united states!"

Neck and— Something.

Gems and jewels galore! The Duchess of Marlborough's appeal for ornaments to be sold in aid of Child Welfare has transcended all her own and everybody else's expectations. Very different from being stony-hearted it is to be precious-stony-hearted, as the precious

stones sent to build up baby bodies abundantly prove. You never know how many kind people there are in the world until you give them their opportunity—a constant experience at Sunderland House, the home of so many charitable activities. The Duchess has lately diversified her day's round by going out shopping with her elder son prior to his first departure for France. Lord Blandford has been very delicate, and his mother has therefore had her own anxieties on his account. But these are now over; and the hardships of the trenches, which might be supposed to kill, on the contrary, often cure and strengthen. People used to say of the beautiful Duchess that her long neck—the longest in London—would have been quite too suggestive to Henry VIII. But now that length has been of sober service to child-welfare, for the dog-collar given by the Duchess has fourteen rows of pearls, where half the number would have sufficed a shorter column. In all earnestness, the Child Welfare movement is one of the most beneficent, and one of the most successful.



ENGAGED ON Y.M.C.A. WAR-WORK: LADY BLANE.

Lady Blane is the widow of Commander Sir Charles Rodney Blane, R.N., who lost his life in the Battle of Jutland. Since then Lady Blane has worked for the Y.M.C.A. in France, and is now resting for a short time in England. She is the daughter of Colonel George Francis Lever-son, C.B., C.M.G.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



WORKING AT THE WAR OFFICE: MRS. HENRY CHETWYND.

Mrs. Henry Chetwynd is the wife of the well-known officer, Major Chetwynd, who has been mentioned in despatches for his valuable work in Egypt. Mrs. Chetwynd is an energetic worker at the War Office.

Photograph by Bertram Park.



AN INTERESTING SOCIETY WEDDING: THE HON. PHYLLIS LECH—LIEUTENANT GERARD SANDEMAN.

The wedding of Lord Newton's youngest daughter, the Hon. Phyllis Elinor Legh, who was born in 1895, was celebrated on Jan. 31. The bridegroom, Lieutenant Gerard Sandeman, is in the Grenadier Guards. The Hon. Mrs. Gerard Sandeman is an intimate friend of Princess Mary.—[Photographs by Swaine and Lafayette.]



THE DISTAFF SIDE: LADY WAR-WORKERS.



RUNNING A CLUB FOR CANADIAN OFFICERS:
LADY MARKHAM.



WORKING FOR THE CANADIAN RED C.
MRS. CHARLES M. HALL.



CONTROLLING HER OWN HOSPITAL: MRS. GORDON
MACKENZIE—AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.



WORKING AT A CANTEEN: MRS. DUDLEY—
AND HER LITTLE SON.

Lady Markham is the wife of Admiral Sir Albert Hastings Markham, K.C.B., the well-known Arctic explorer. Lady Markham, for the last year, has run a club for Canadian officers, in conjunction with Mrs. Page Croft, and devotes the whole of her time to the work.—Mrs. Charles M. Hall, of Montreal, whose husband was recently mentioned in despatches, is Directress of the Nurses' Rest Hostel of the Canadian Red Cross

Society, in Ennismore Gardens, Princes Gate.—Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, whose little daughter Joan is the pet of her mother's hospital for sick and wounded soldiers, controls her own hospital of sixty-six beds, and since the early days of the war has received more than 1500 men.—Mrs. Dudley, who is seen with her little son, is a very busy and popular canteen worker.—[Photographs by Val l'Estrange, Bassano, Speaight, and Lillie Charles.]

"Pelmanism" in 1917.

By EDWARD ANTON.

THE annals of the past year would be incomplete without some reference to the prominent part in the affairs of the Empire which has been played by that remarkable new force—*Pelmanism*.

The progress of this movement may be taken as an earnest of the still greater part which it will play in the future; for, in the space of a few months, the Pelman Institute has risen from the status of a private concern to that of a truly national institution.

The credit of "discovering" the immense possibilities of "Pelmanism" as a factor of national and individual betterment belongs largely to *Truth*, which, after a close and critical investigation of all the available evidence, devoted an entire supplement to a report on the work of the Pelman Institute in May 1916, and issued further supplements in September of that year and in May 1917.

The effect of these reports—emanating from a source well known for its fearless independence—was electrical. Every section of the community responded to *Truth's* sounding call to efficiency. To satisfy the enormous public demand for the reports, several large editions (amounting to some hundreds of thousands) were reprinted and distributed free through the medium of announcements in the *Daily Mail*, the *Times*, and other leading journals. A large proportion of these reprints were reserved for the Army and the Navy; but every class of the public displayed eagerness for copies, and the demand, I may add, is still unabated. I venture the opinion that *Truth* performed a national service of no small value when it devoted its columns to the work of opening the eyes of the public to the practical importance of "Pelmanism" as an aid to personal efficiency and progress.

And now, I repeat, "Pelmanism" has become a national movement; and every day—nay, every hour—brings fresh evidence of its almost limitless possibilities. It is affirmed—and I believe it whole-heartedly—that no man or woman who has conscientiously followed Pelman principles has ever failed to reap substantial benefit.

Some have utilised it primarily as a means of gaining increased incomes and better positions in business or professional life; others adopt it with a view to securing greater mental development and a higher standard of personal efficiency; others, again, find it of superlative value educationally and intellectually. It appeals to every individual who desires to progress and to prosper, no matter what the sphere of his or her work or ambitions may be.

The registers of the Institute show that every conceivable vocation or occupation is represented therein. I will deal with the various "groups" further on; but in the meantime I desire to emphasise, by every means in my power, the fact that there is no class of men or women who can afford to disregard "Pelmanism," whatever their education may have been, whatever their present position and attainments may be.

What is the Pelman system? The question is not easily answered in small space. I can best illustrate the effects of a Pelman Training by a reference to what takes place when a course of scientific physical culture is followed. The physical culturist first learns the use of each group of muscles; he then exercises them systematically in order to develop their power and to bring them under his direct control. The result is a very high maximum of physical efficiency, every set of muscles being brought into fully effective use and proper co-ordination of effort being introduced. The Pelman System applies the same scientific methods to the various faculties of the mind, and with equally definite and equally certain results. But whereas the degree of physical development is limited, the possibilities of mental development are practically limitless. That is why the University man and the Army chief are able, equally with the man of elementary education, the clerk or the private, to derive direct and tangible benefits from the adoption of Pelmanism.

The Pelman System is, moreover, distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is not a mental strait-jacket, but an instrument of wonderful range and elasticity. Instead of attempting to impose "cut-and-dried" rules and methods of thought, it shows the student how to give effective expression to his or her own ideals, aims, and personality. In fact, it completes a man or woman in the mental sense, just as bodily training completes them in the physical sense. That is possibly why the Pelman System has so very often been the means of developing latent (and unsuspected) powers of the mind. It arouses the student to a recognition of his or her own powers and opportunities, inspiring self-confidence, moral courage, and the desire for effective action. As a mental and moral "tonic" it is, by the testimony of many students, well worth many times the time spent upon it.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Over 18,000 officers and men of both Services are now Pelmanists, the list being headed by forty-eight Generals and ten Admirals. The mere fact that such a large number are studying the Course, in spite of such drawbacks as scanty leisure and adverse environment, speaks volumes for the estimation in which Pelmanism is held by the Services. Equally significant is the frequency with which Generals send their subordinate officers to be enrolled, and regimental commanders often pay the fee for one or more of their N.C.O.'s.

Whilst the bulk of Army and Navy men take the Course as being indispensable to their professional efficiency, it is worthy of note that a secondary object is to gain increased efficiency for business when the war is over and the soldier or sailor returns to civil life.

Two typical letters may be quoted here from amongst the many hundreds received from "the Front." Both are from Army officers. The first letter runs: "I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course."

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France."

"I was then appointed as a second lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C."

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

The second letter presents another interesting view:

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a

clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove moral salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND "PELMANISM."

All classes of professional men have displayed the keenest interest in the Pelman System. Doctors, solicitors, barristers, architects, auditors, journalists, authors, civil engineers, educationists—these have all enrolled in large numbers, and have supplied astonishing evidence of the value of the Course to them in their daily work. A few examples of letters received from professional men are appended:

From a Doctor.

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to analyse the trouble, discover the weak points, and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning of my student days."

From a Solicitor.

"I have found the Course particularly useful in my business; it has helped me to advise far more usefully, and to deal with professional work and problems far more efficiently. Altogether, I have no hesitation whatever in recommending the Pelman Course as a wonderful tonic to the mind. No one who practises the System perseveringly can possibly fail to receive great benefit."

From an Architect.

"The benefits derived from the Course are inestimable. A Pelman student is equipped with a wonderful stock of information and devices that cannot fail to help him to get the best out of any problem in life. I consider the lesson on personality is alone worth the whole fee. My position has undoubtedly improved, both socially and financially, since I took the Course."

"PELMANISM" IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The new movement has made tremendous progress amongst all classes of business men. In many cases the enrolment of one member of a firm is quickly followed by others from the same firm. Quite recently enrolments were made, in one day, from eight members of one large firm (including managing director, works manager, warehouse manager, cashier, correspondent, foreman, invoice clerk, and forwarding clerk). Such facts render comment superfluous. The frequency with which business principals pay for the enrolment of their employees proves that "Pelmanism" supplies a convincing answer to the question, "Is it worth while?" Here are a few letters from business men:

From a Director.

"I consider the Pelman Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course."

From a Works Manager.

"Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business."

From a Bank Cashier.

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the Pelman System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the Course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision, and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages gained."

From a Foreign Correspondent.

"It is with great pleasure that I certify having derived great benefit from the Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training. I have greatly improved in will power and memory, and can do my work much easier."

From a Manufacturer.

"The Course has been of decided benefit to me; it develops orderliness of mind and purpose. Its value lies in its suggestiveness and in not burdening the mind."

From a Salesman.

"I have never regretted taking the Pelman Course; it has been my salvation in much uphill work. There is no department of life in which Pelman principles cannot be applied."

"TRUTH'S" SUMMING UP.

I cannot do better than to quote from the conclusion arrived at by *Truth's* investigator, and which formed the *finale* to the first report:

"The Pelman System places the means of progress within the reach of everyone. It does not provide a brain for the brainless, but it does provide everyone with the means of making the best use of the faculties with which Nature has endowed him, and bringing them to full fruition. What that fruition will be depends, of course, on the original capabilities of the student, but it needs no great knowledge of the world to be aware that the man with well-ordered mind and reliable memory is at an advantage over him whose faculties, though naturally greater, have been undeveloped or developed at random. The moral is, of course, for those who want to make the most of their natural endowments to equip themselves for success in the battle of life to see that their minds are trained to the point of efficiency. With that object they cannot do better than take advantage of the course of instruction offered to them by the Pelman Institute."

A full description of the Pelman System is given in "Mind and Memory," with many interesting illustrations of the manifold utilities of Pelmanism, and evidence of its value to various classes of men and women. A free copy of this book, together with a free copy of "Truth's" third report, will be sent, post free, to any reader of "The Sketch" who sends a postcard applying for the same to The Pelman Institute, 41, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

MISS — UNDERSTOOD.



THE CUSTOMER: Which is your best seller?

THE ASSISTANT (*thinking of raids and taking cover*): Well, Madam; properly speaking, we haven't got one — our's is a semi-basement.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE INTERFERER.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

"I HAVE lately met an Interferer of the most devouring kind," reflected Phillip. "Perhaps you have met Interferers. Sometimes they are Majors, and at others they are human. They are known by their ability to butt in. Interferers butt in anywhere; they always remind one that one is doing wrong just as one has completely stifled one's conscience; a highly moral and vehement goat has not half their impact in butt. Also they are eyebrow-elevators. A really Field-Interferer can pull up his forehead at things that even an A.P.M. would consider harmless. Intellectually they are mild to damp, they read Rabindranath Tagore, and are spotted all over with moral uplift."

"Have you noticed how infrequently people who mean well are asked to lunch?" Interferers never meal out at other people's expense. To have things done to one for one's own good is painful at all times, and simply unbearable at meals.

"Eleutherius was one of the most pronounced of his kind. The first day I met him he interfered drastically with my moustache; he said it had a blank file too many in the left half-section, and he told me about it because he feared that one of these days I might meet a P.M. with a moustache-gauge, and then what would happen to the Great Defensive in the West?"

"He did many friendly and unpleasant things for the benefit of me and England, and lastly he butted in in the matter of Prudentia.

"Prudentia, according to Eleutherius, suffers from the vice of good looks in a world of subalterns who have eyes to see. Prudentia had also, according to Eleutherius, fallen into grave error by committing marriage by Secret Treaty. Eleutherius didn't so much mind Prudentia's hiding the name of her husband and his influence at

Cox's (for the time being) from her guardian and the rest of the world, but he considered it extremely Bolshevik to hide it from him. Also, as I say, Prudentia is pretty, and several of us acknowledge the fact in the usual way.

"I'm rather an old friend of Prudentia's myself. In her pre-hymen days Prudentia always got engaged to me if there was nothing else doing; so really I stand in some stead to her—though how one stands in a stead I really don't know. Eleutherius seemed to be convinced of my steadiness, anyhow; and, after an attack of really bitter moral dyspepsia, he came to me about the matter.

"He said that things couldn't be allowed to go on like this. He couldn't

one Jerome. In Eleutherius's opinion, one Jerome should be marked in red and deleted. It appeared he expected me to delete.

"I can't say I showed the enthusiasm Eleutherius expects from Christians who are about to interview the rationed lion. I pointed out that I am a light-duty man myself, while Jerome was G.S. and Tank. I hinted that Eleutherius should say 'Over my dead body first' to Jerome himself. A little straight talk might do the trick.

"Eleutherius thought not. Like many people devoted to doing good, he is firmly convinced of the evil in others. He said that people with Jerome's type of eyebrows were quite impervious to healthy suggestion. Jerome would have to be intimidated. Something very acid in coercing would have to be done. Eleutherius's spirit was willing, but his flesh was office work only. Hadn't I another suggestion?"

"I had, of course; I always have. I said that Eleutherius needn't depend upon himself—he could back himself with husband. Prudentia's husband was unknown, of course, but he could be made lethal. Eleutherius might paint a picture of tremendous muscular power in husbands, and of his certain ruthless manner of dealing with people such as Jerome. Eleutherius thought deeply, wrung my hand, and went off to Jerome.

"He did very well with Jerome. He read up the lives of Attila and the early German Kings, and gave Jerome some ghastly accounts of what Prudentia's husband might be expected to do. Eleutherius said that it was unfortunate for Prudentia, but the fact of the matter was she had married an unmitigated assassin. He said that the man was not really so much a killer as a dismemberer. His method was slow, but extremely agonising. He was a brute, of course, almost maniacal (homicidal mania on his great-aunt's side), and thoroughly debased; but there it was. And he was now home on leave, hearing stories!

Jerome seemed a bit collapsed at that, and Eleutherius pressed on. He gave lively and gory details of awful things that had happened in this husband's previous career. He said that the Unwritten Law had only saved the fellow on one occasion, but even this narrow escape had not checked his innate savagery; the man was really a sort of gorilla, devoid of intelligence and only capable of revenging himself with blows of iron. Eleutherius thoroughly warmed to the job, and made a ghastly and curdling picture of Prudentia's husband. The effect on Jerome was most marked."

"Funked it, did he?" asked Camillus.

"Well, no," said Phillip; "he threw Eleutherius down a flight and a half of stairs. He said he had never been so insulted in all his life; and he would take good care that his wife, Prudentia, should in future have nothing more to do with such a libellous hound."

"Heavens!" gasped Camillus. "You mean that you, without knowing, sent him along to her very husband?"

"Well, perhaps not," said Phillip. "It might almost be considered that I had a suspicion. You see, a best man had to be there, and Prudentia always found me handy . . . but Eleutherius hadn't, as I explained, asked me about that side."

THE END.



A CLEVER YOUNG PIANIST: MISS WINIFRED PURNELL.

Miss Winifred Purnell, whose recital is announced to take place at the Eolian Hall, on Feb. 28, is a gifted young Australian pianist, and her reappearance, after studying in Paris, is anticipated with much interest.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

possibly allow it. Prudentia's position filled him with a sort of virtuous sciatica. Prudentia was a Mark IV. comely and frivolous girl, and she was married. He talked about marriage as though it were a sort of Safe Deposit room into which a girl was rammed by the marriage ceremony, and henceforth buried from the sight of the world. Prudentia, to his pain, was very much uninterred. She was—frivolling; and her husband was anonymous and probably at Salonika. For the sake of the Army this sort of thing should be stopped. Prudentia was being very unwed with several men, quite excellent men, but still not her husbands—and particularly with



A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR IN A NEW RÔLE: SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH AS PREACHER.

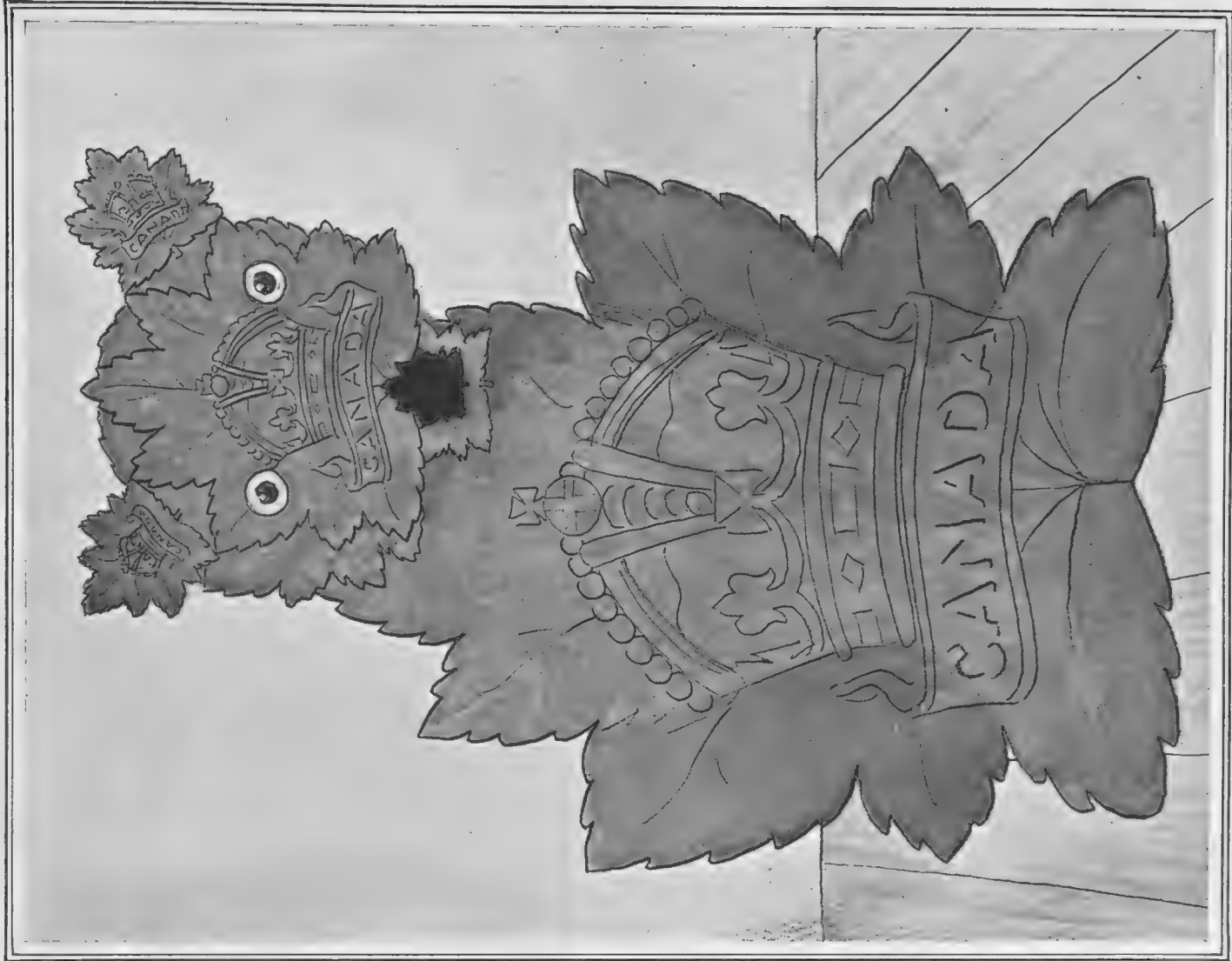
It was announced in the "Cambridge Review" that "Q"—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch—who is King Edward the Seventh Professor of English at Cambridge University, would, on Jan. 27, preach at morning prayer, at the church of St. Edward the King. Sir Arthur, who is a notably popular speaker and lecturer, raised a force of Cornwall Pioneers, in connection with the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, on the outbreak of war, and his only son has won the Military Cross.—[Photograph by F. E. Harris.]

MASBADGES ! REGIMENTAL MASCOTS AND BADGES IN ONE !

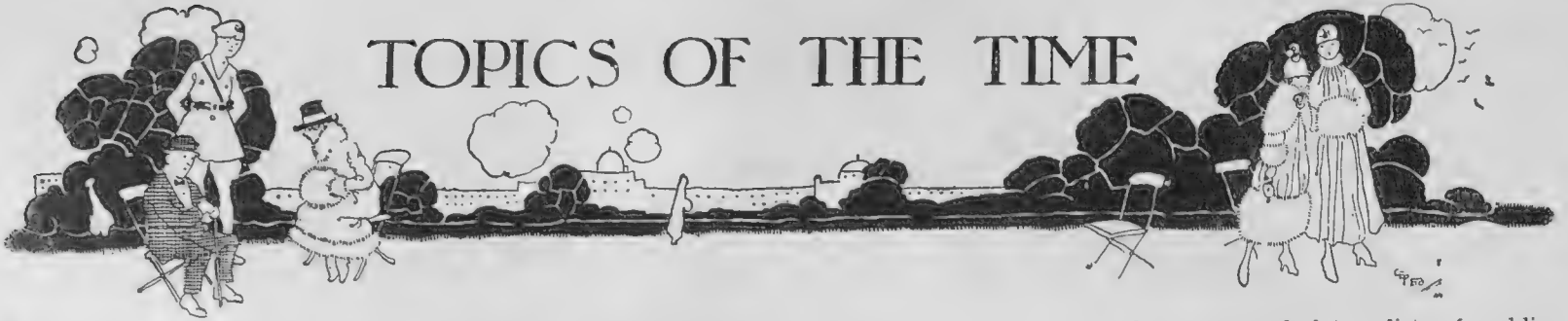


VII.—THE R.F.C.-BIRD.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEE.



VIII.—THE CANADIAN MAPLE-BEAR



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I are wondering if it can be true. And if it is, why we were not told so before. I refer, of course, to the news from the naturalists that it is possible to cultivate to some degree, without injury to health, the hibernal habits of the dormouse and the hedgehog, and, by sleeping for long periods at a time, effect considerable economy in food-supply.

Imagine what endless tonnage might by now have been diverted from the food-ships to the troop-ships if the naturalists had released their secret a couple of years ago! Only think what might have been saved to the country in Brighton alone (the Palestine *pro tem.*) if for all these critical months men—certain men—had been hedgehogs instead of food-hogs! Why is blessed enlightenment ever so late in the coming?

Oh, Michael Moses Munchenstein, how much we might have saved in tonnage, and war-equipment in the line of somewhat necessary gunnage, if but a month you might have slept, with other soup-fish-joint-and-“vedge”-hogs, and in your hibernation kept from eating, like our friends the hedgehogs!

But Palestine Pro Tem By the Sea must not be made to bear the whole burden of my indictment. In many places lately have I seen men of all faiths exceeding the greed limit. I exceeded it myself at my club the other day by a baked applette and a chip of cheddar, and I am so afraid of losing food-control of myself again that I am causing the following observations to be pinned or pasted to the outer side of my bedroom door—

Let no knuckle-knocks awaken me with irritating sounds, for the world I have forsaken, and on economic grounds. I need cost myself in keeping scarcely anything at all when I'm hibernating—sleeping, like a doormouse, in a ball.

When the plumes of honeysuckle top the hedges in the lane, you can come and bruise your knuckle on my bedroom door again. (Do not think my vow unsteady, or I'm giving way to greed, if by then you find me ready for a fairly decent feed!)

Reporters of “Fashionable Weddings” are uneasy. For years untold it has been their privilege to thrill their readers with the

If this sort of thing is to be encouraged, future lists of wedding presents will read something like Saturday morning shopping lists.

Among the wedding gifts were seen, in parcels exquisitely tied, two handsome pounds of margarine (the bridegroom's present to the bride); a quarter of a pound of meat; two loaves (a valuable pair); a pint of milk, in can complete; and three wax vestas (very rare).

In his lecture before the Divorce Law Reform Union, Dr. Salceby, the margarine expert, said that the marriage rate in recent years



A HAVEN OF REST FOR CANADIAN NURSES: THE DRAWING-ROOM

The strenuous duties of a nurse in war-time make it very desirable that their hours of leisure should be spent in surroundings marked by comfort and refinement. That these conditions are admirably fulfilled at the Home for Canadian Nurses, in Ennismore Gardens, Princes Gate, is amply shown by our photograph.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

showed that both sexes were delaying marriage until they reached an unnatural and morbid age. Does the doctor suggest that unless we profit by his warning we shall come to this—

Unnatural and morbid mates were Reginald and Arabella, and therefore their united states resulted in a little fella unnatural as he could be, and morbid to the last degree.

At two he had so morbid grown he scorned your pretty fairy-story. At three he tried to telephone for places in the stalls for Flory! (You see, he had a pretty nurse, which made the matter rather worse.)

I've met him since, an overfed and bloated married man of seven. He'd had a dozen wives, he said, and been divorced from the eleven. . . . No wonder now statistics tell that marriages are made in hell!

“Half-a-century back was the golden age of the governess,” said Professor MacKail to the Association of University Women Teachers. Yes, Professor. And didn't the novelists of the period let us know it!

How often from that golden age of governesses' simple beauty the novelist has filled his page with homilies on Love and Duty! 'Twas when “Young Master,” back from Rome (which he had “travelled” with his tutor), brought life into the country home, and secretly became her suitor! 'Twas when she cried (an orphan she), “You're rich; I'm poor! It cannot be!”

'Twas when (I know by heart her words) she spoke of summer skies and roses, and paused to listen to the birds, and haunted woods to gather posies. . . . 'Twas when at last she proudly cried (before the “Reconciliation”), “My place is by my husband's side, and where he goes I go!” (Sensation.) . . . 'Twas when all tears were turned to laughter, and both lived happy ever after!

A. B. M.



A HAVEN OF REST FOR CANADIAN NURSES: THE DINING-ROOM.

Our photograph shows the richly furnished and very artistic dining-room in the Canadian Red Cross Nurses' Home, in Ennismore Gardens, Princes Gate.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

statement that “the presents were numerous and costly,” and now if some interiering Society bride-elect doesn't come along and let the whole of Mayfair know that she regards a vast collection of handsome wedding gifts as wicked extravagance, and that all she wants is a pound of tea! “Deserves to be given away with it!” is the unanimous comment of a dismayed profession.



PEACE

"SHE LOVES ME!...SHE LOVES ME NOT!..."

The first reproduction of an original painting by Jacques d'Or to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley.

THE DAWN OF THE INEVITABLE.

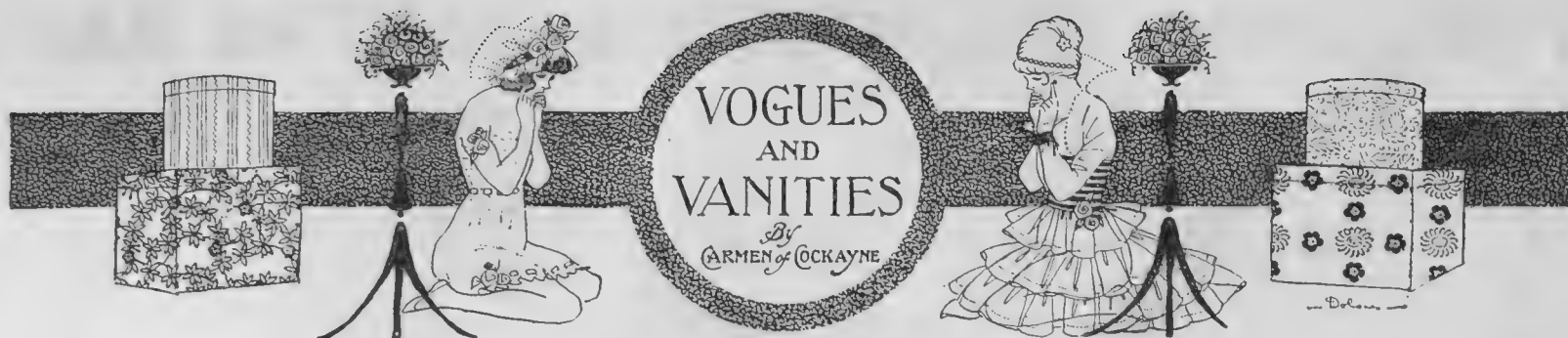
An Allegory by H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

MARS the Destroyer, the Incarnate Spirit of Militarism, battered, bleeding, and even a little wearied, seeks to capture the Angel of Peace and bend her to his will.

Of a sudden it dawns upon his blood-fuddled brain that the Angel of Peace and the Spirit of Democracy are one, and that Peace, though within grasp, is not the captive of his sword, nor can she be seduced by Force.

Note how in his clumsy wooing her dainty foot is fettered by his brutal hoof—her kindly hand enchained by his defiling arm. In ruthless pique because no quick response is made to his advances, lasciviously he plucks her wings, and throws them to the earth—"She loves me!—She loves me not!"

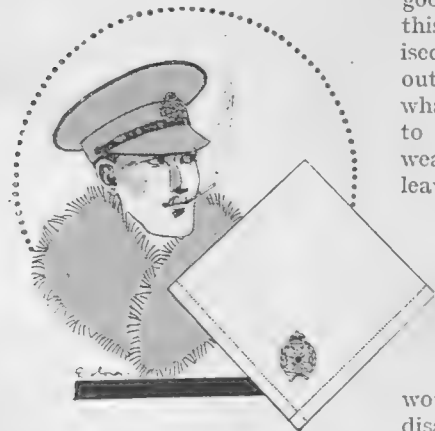
Bruised—half-beaten, battle-worn, and weary as he is—she has been bruised the more. But strong in the knowledge that myriads of supporters are coming to her aid, she fights against the annexation of her inviolate will. For no marriage is possible between this ill-assorted pair. His hunted, puzzled stare betrays his fear of the morrow, for, ere the morrow dawns, the powers of Democracy will surely overwhelm him and thrust the tired sword beside him into his bloody heart.



A Difficult Problem.

Every woman wants to be patriotic; most women are determined to be smart—though just how to combine smartness with economy and patriotism is a problem to which not a few amongst us are trying to find a solution. The people who are always ready to offer

good advice are not backward on this occasion. Briefly summarised, their counsel is "Do without clothes." But that is just what no woman can be expected to do. Even if the law and the weather allowed a return to fig-leaves or their equivalent, the thing wouldn't be settled. If the war has taught one lesson more than another, it is that advice to use any commodity means, for some mysterious reason, an immediate rise in its prices. Fixed prices wouldn't help—clothes would disappear altogether, and so would woman's chief pleasure in life.



Some people like monograms, others prefer to have a handkerchief with a regimental badge.

Trifles That Tell.

However, it takes more than a war, inflated prices, and the inconsistencies of fashion to daunt the woman bent on keeping up her reputation for being well dressed. Even if a war dress-allowance won't permit of the purchase of more than a spring frock or two, there's always the second line of defence—the trifle—upon which to fall back. Whatever it may be in real life, the trifle is of the utmost importance in the dress world; and any woman who understands how to extract the full value from accessories that less clever ones dismiss as trivial has gone a long way towards purchasing peace of mind during the coming months. After all, there is no particular merit in indulging in unbecoming clothes. If beauty owes a duty to her country, it is no less true that beauty on duty owes a duty to beauty; otherwise British womanhood would lose the reputation for good looks that it had before the war—and that's a prospect which even the most red-hot enthusiast can't contemplate without a shudder.

Camouflage.

Fortunately, there is not the smallest chance that anything of the kind will occur. The beauty-parlours that still flourish exceedingly are a proof, if proof were needed, that lovely woman is as sensitive as ever about a simple pimple, a delicately flushed nose, an unfortunately placed freckle, or any other of the evils the feminine complexion is heir to, and quite as anxious as in the piping days of peace to

camouflage Nature's undesirable gifts under cover of the cosmetics prepared by art. There's no indication, either, that the art of the dressmaker is likely to die of inanition. But for the few who can "plunge" in frocks, there are many to whom indulgence in this direction is a sheer impossibility, and it is for them that the trifle-makers are preparing their choicest creations.



Even "hankies" have not escaped the influence of the war economist.

Aids to Chic.

Gloves and stockings, handkerchiefs, veils, parasols, umbrellas, to mention only a few items, are all vitally important to those who have to dress well on

nothing. It can't be said that designers suffer from want of initiative. The wisp of cambric with the regimental crest worked in one corner that Dolores has drawn shows that the people who make such things are not holding aloof from the war. The handkerchief that is obligingly ready to hide a powder-puff in the centre is the best form of camouflage for that indispensable trifle yet introduced. Then there are stockings—at a price. Beautiful silken affairs whose gleaming surfaces remain entirely unaffected by current events—though the same can't be said about their cost—with transparent "clocks" of lace that indicate without unduly revealing the loveliness that walks beneath. Though circumstances may necessitate absence from London, smartness still remains a duty, of a kind that it is a pleasure to fulfil when one can do it in thick knitted silk with bold geometric lines traversing its surface—in almost any colour you like to mention—just by way of laying stress on any good points with which Nature may have seen fit to endow you.

No Half-Measures.

Veils are based on the principle that half-measures are unsatisfactory. Generally they are of two kinds—the very short one, and the flowing affair that, besides shrouding the face in mystery, charitably helps to create an aura of smartness about the shoulders of a coat that isn't new or a blouse that begins to show traces of frequent visits to the cleaner's. The shorter kind just as often as not take the form of a tulle valance attached to the brim of a hat—a becoming device provided that the owner remembers to turn it upwards before putting the hat away; otherwise its crumpled appearance makes for anything but the chic which most women desire to reach. Stage frocks always bristle with ideas for those who care to look for them, and of the really delightful effect that can be achieved with this form of veil one gets an excellent notion in "Love in a Cottage," at the Globe Theatre, where Miss Marie Löhr wears a tall-crowned blue hat, to match

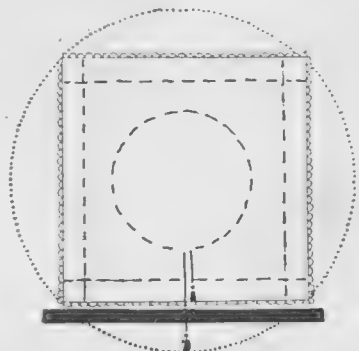
a lovely spring-like frock of Wedgwood-blue chiffon, the narrow brim of which is softened with a plain strip of tulle. Another point about the gown is the deep collar cut in one, with loose leg-o'-mutton sleeves that veil long tight-fitting ones made of the foundation material. Doubtless the designer had no such thought in his mind, but to the resourceful it suggests an excellent method of restoring fresh life and usefulness to an old gown.

Beads and Beauty.

Beaded bags are no novelty, but beaded parasol-handles and stick-crooks are newcomers. A mosaic of brightly coloured beads does more than merely make a parasol or umbrella smart; it adds to the charm of the toilette it accompanies; and every accessory that does that is something greatly to be desired, as it gives that finishing touch so dear to the heart of every woman with feeling and taste for dress.



There are people who prefer checked handkerchiefs to plain ones—those who do will like this.



This handkerchief serves a double purpose—a powder-puff can be concealed in it.



Even tears are pleasant when there are handkerchiefs such as these about.

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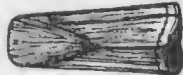
Our "COMFY" SLEEPING BAG.

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The Warmest and Latest Sleeping Bag, designed to pack up very small. Weight from 1½ lbs. Stuffed real eiderdown.

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(LIGHTEST ON THE MARKET.)



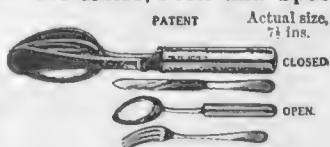
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Measurements - Open: Diameter, 28 in., Depth, 12 in. Closed: Diameter, 10 in., Length 13 in., Width of parcel, 4½ in. Weight (complete with 8 wooden supports) only 15½ ozs.

Price £1 1s.

Postage B.E.F. 1/- extra.

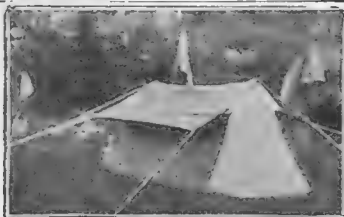
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BEST NICKEL SILVER,
WEARS WHITE THROUGHOUT.
No Joints to Rust. Simply arranged.
Full Size Spoon.

Price 5/6, Carriage Paid.

Write for Lists.



"Improved Gipsy" Tent.

(Regd. Design.)

Note extension back and double roof, also overlap to carry rain from tent-base. Roof in White, Green, or Brown Colours.

Weight only 40 ounces.

Price £4 4s.

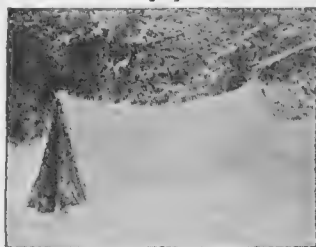


"Motor" Tent.

(Regd. Design.)

Weight complete with poles, pegs, and lines, only 7 lbs. As supplied to Officers of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards for Active Service at the Front. Roofs in Green or Brown for Active Service.

Prices from £7 7s. to £11 11s.



"Bivouac" Tent.

(Regd. Design.)

Made in three sizes. Weight of smallest only 22 ozs. Above illustration will give some idea of what it will stand in the way of hard weather and rough usage.

White, Green, or Brown Roofs.

Prices from £2 10s. to £3 12s.

LIGHTWEIGHT TENT Co. (Dept. A), 61, High Holborn, W.C. 1.

BOYD'S Improved PATENT ELASTIC PUTTEES



Made in Light
and Dark Khaki,
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Black.

BOYD'S ELASTIC PUTTEES

are made from the finest Egyptian Cotton and best Para Rubber, and, being elastic, they grip the leg and assist the normal action of the legs and muscles. There is no sense of leg-weariness, or foot-heaviness as when wearing ordinary puttees, which require to be tightly wound to keep in position.

Boyd's Improved Patent Puttees are woven to the shape of the leg and are neat and smart in appearance.

They are very durable, waterproofed, and are both reversible and interchangeable. Fastened by patent Hooks top and bottom, making them easy to put on and take off.

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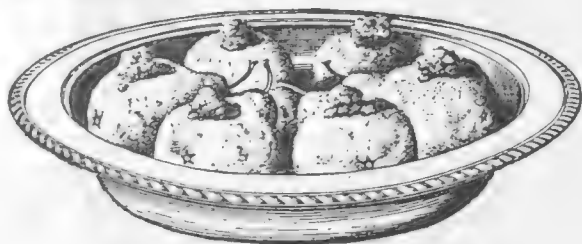
SAVE FOOD

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OXO

OXO can be used in conjunction with potatoes and other vegetables to make many inexpensive dishes which will to a great extent take the place of a meat course, and help to save rations. By this means the consumption of meat can be materially reduced.

Here is an example:—



POTATO PEARS.

Ingredients: 1 lb. of mashed potatoes, 1 egg, 1 oz. of butter, salt and pepper, 1 oz. of breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoonful of minced parsley, 2 teaspoonful of OXO.

Melt the butter, dissolve the OXO in a very little water, and mix with the potatoes, salt, pepper, and a little of the egg well beaten. Flour the hands and form the mixture into pear shapes. Brush over with beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs and fry in boiling fat. Stick a clove into the thick end of the pear-potato and a small piece of cinnamon into the other to look like stalk. Serve garnished with or without rolls of fried bacon and garnished with fresh parsley.

In this recipe one OXO cube is equivalent to a teaspoonful of OXO.

Many other simple OXO and vegetable dishes can be prepared on similar lines—the addition of OXO increases their food value considerably.

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This is Style L88. Black cloth leg, glace golosh, patent cap. Price 27/6 per pair.

"Bective" retain their build and shape *always*.

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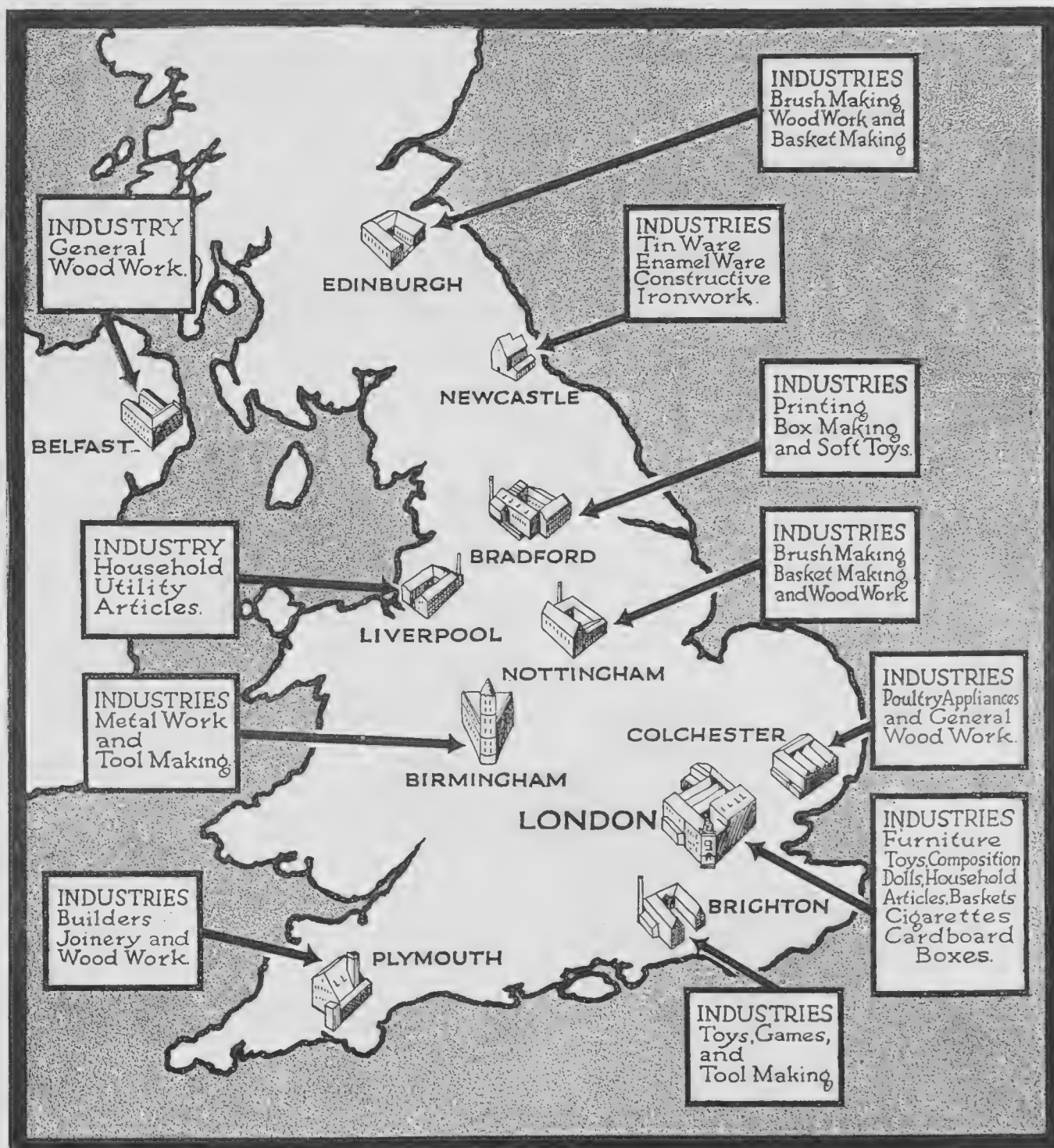
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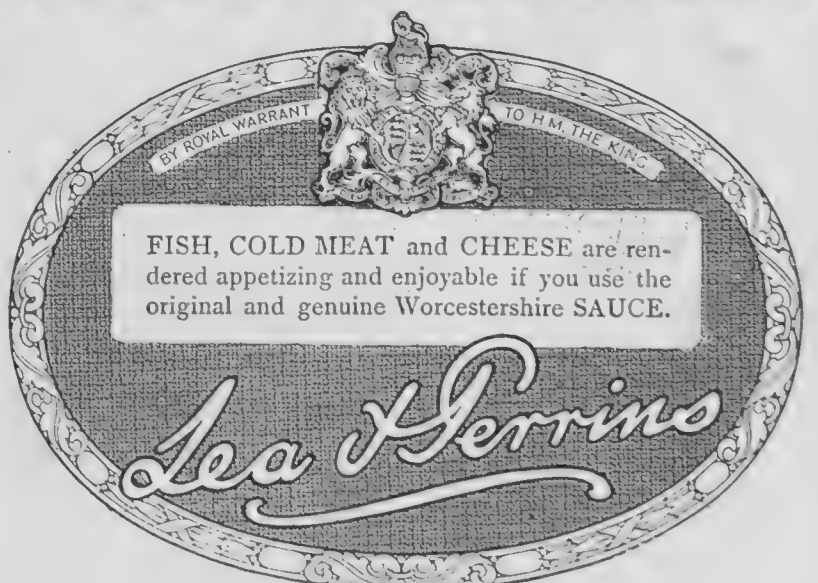
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**Abeysance.**

There are fashions *and* fashions for us nowadays. Not all of us can allow our fancies to be caught in filmy veils, and our affections engaged by plumed or flower-laden hats; we may not long lovingly for chiffon and silk and satin; our minds must not be set on rest-frocks and ribbons and laces. Sternly let us face the facts that the cut and fit and effect of our aprons must engage our attention, the practicalness of our overalls (which may, of course, also be pretty), the build and fit of our uniforms, the neatness of our gaiters, the comfort and appearance of our breeches, and the material and make of our coats. We have to remember that there are fashions for us which we have to look at from the man's point of view—utility, suitability, and smartness. Our point of view—fascination—must be in abeyance.

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Britain Finding Herself.

There are very few or no table-waters available from abroad, and out of this evil has come a great good. Lots of people are talking of the merits of Malvern. It is table-water from our own historic St. Ann's Spring at Malvern. It tastes pure and fresh, bright and delicious, and is most refreshing; while it is a well-known antidote to rheumatism and gout. Great Britain is finding herself now that Continental sources of spending our money are, in this wise, closed. We like what we are finding of Britain in Malvern very much.

Welcome Brer Bear Back.

We call Russian blouses and Cossack tunics and caps Roumanian now. It is not that we are at all out of sympathy with real Russia; but the giant is bound hand and foot for the present, and all sorts of fierce little lilliputs are running about all over him, shouting, fighting, and tying (like the frogs) to behave like bulls. It would, therefore, be like mocking our great-hearted, powerful friend to adopt the fashions of him light-heartedly while he is in such dire throes. When he bursts his bonds, and gives the lilliput busy-bodies the sensation of their lives, we shall go in again for Russianism, and have our tea out of samovars, and wear Cossack coats and Russian embroidery and lace and silver ornaments and blouses, and welcome Brer Bear back with all our hearts. We only hope the dear, great, rugged thing will be in at the finish—which is not spelled with two "n's" in this instance.

Charms to Soothe.

We went to a musical party the other evening, and it did us no end of good. There is a great deal to be said for the revival of such parties. Cards, or talk, are both too fatiguing for war-time. This music was provided

principally by an Æolian Vocalion, and it was faultless. The interpretation is in the hands of the human guide, who can phrase as he wills and play with expression. In this case the son of the house, a real musician—now, alas! minus one hand—was in charge. Quite beautiful performances not only of classics, but of favourite modern music, were given; it was restful indeed to lie back on a comfortable chair and listen. Accompaniments were also successfully accomplished; but the most real rest was the listening to well-loved sonatas and things that were reminiscent of happy days and scenes, and which banished the thoughts of turmoil, chaos, and killing.

Beautiful and Best.

There are some British fabrics which are unsurpassable. It has been our way to belittle English fabrics, but never could Lista silk be belittled, and now all turn to it as not only beautiful, but most reliable. It is the finest shirting made on the loom, and fighting men swear by it in khaki. I have recently sent out three parcels of shirts made of it to men who wrote, "Be sure to get Lista"—this one can compass about by seeing the word on the selvedge. For blouses, and also for skirts for morning wear, nothing is so dainty and so nice. There is plenty of choice in colourings, and the silk washes beautifully; many women who have not maids wash their own Listas, and rather enjoy doing it. It is a real pleasure in these painful times to preserve the personal note of daintiness and freshness.

Stand-by in Time of Stress.

Now we know, if not the worst, at all events the worst for the present. Pity the poor people who have cultivated abnormal appetites. These are most undesirable possessions in the present crisis. We cannot very well over-feed now, but we can get enough. So far, Oxo is not rationed; and, with vegetables, fish, chestnut, cheese, rice, macaroni, and lots of other combinations, most excellent dishes can be prepared. It is a real stand-by in our time of stress, and takes to a great extent the place of meat. Oxo is also a most toothsome addition to fish cooked in various ways. Change, which has come over all the world, has invaded our larders and must affect our cooking. In the latter, I believe, to its betterment—for our British culinary genius, which certainly exists, has suffered from lack of development.

The new piece at the Coliseum is the second playlet which has been boomed lately by the suggestion that it is from the pen of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The most noticeable feature of the sketch is the Ricketts costume of Miss Lillah McCarthy, who looked superb in it. How splendidly she wears fantastic garb! Who has forgotten her appearance in the charming Anatole France comedy, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," which ought to be revived again, and might very well make a hit on a new venture? And as to "The Wild Grand Duchess," the story of her escapade and attempted revolution, there is really little to be said except to refer to the spirited acting of Miss McCarthy and her brave efforts to give point to its paradoxes and platitudes.

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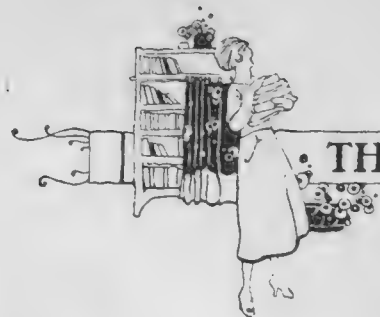
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THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



SO far, the nearest a woman can get to being a Prime Minister is to marry one, and in "Wives of the Prime Ministers" you have the stories of eight women who did that. Now that the new Suffrage Bill is through, however, it is probable that a bit later in the century we shall have a companion volume on "Husbands of the Prime Ministers," and we may be proud of our sex if not more than one of them is so nearly scandalous as was Lady Caroline Lamb (who did not really fill the bill, because she died before Lord Melbourne succeeded to his title and became Premier), and if all the rest of those husbands play second-fiddle to their Ministers as cleverly as these wives have done. Especially if they also leave as many lively anecdotes to be told about them as Miss Lee has to tell of most of the ladies who figure in her entertaining pages.

One fact that should comfort all who are afraid of the feminist movement is that the women cannot possibly reduce our political and journalistic worlds to a more degraded level than men have already brought them, if all that is said of our newspapers and our politicians in "The Free Press" may be accepted as true. But, personally, I doubt whether the men and things Mr. Belloc deals with are so black as he paints them. He has fallen into an intolerant habit of scolding. He does not seem able to realise that some who do not share his opinions may yet be as sincere, as honest as himself; and he is too sure that all newspapers are corrupt except the few that please him (one of which, as he twice reminds us, he founded himself). He is as censorious, as self-righteous as if he had already put on perfection, and had no patience with the motley many who, in outer darkness, banned by his little circle, remain merely human and either desperately wicked or foolishly ignorant.

Most of the books I have read this week are concerned with women workers, and none has impressed me more than "A Diary without Dates." An intimate personal record of a V.A.D.'s nursing experiences, its pictures of hospital life and character-sketches of nurses, soldier-patients, and visitors are as detailed and as starkly truthful as any Russian realist could have made them. The whole thing is steeped in the atmosphere of the wards; the everyday life of the hospital, its humours and poignancies, the little comedies and

tragedies that go on in the backwaters of the war—are all revealed to you as they were seen by a diarist who is as sympathetic and shrewdly observant as she is outspoken.

Both "A Girl Alone" and "Our Miss York" are left unprovided for when they are about twenty, and have to adventure into the business world to earn a livelihood. But Miss York is successful from the outset, rises to a position of importance in an American commercial community, and has the choice

establishing her claim to an estate that should have gone to her dead father; but none of her expectations are realised, and she finds herself friendless in London, with barely enough cash for a week's board and lodging. She is up against the real thing, and, with no business knowledge, has to fight for her own hand. After swallowing her pride and making friends among people who are as poor and as much the sport of fortune as herself, she obtains work in a tea-shop, but loses it through offending a too-amorous customer, and for a while is plunged into the depths of London's dark underworld, where, in extremities, she is indebted to a woman of the street for food and a night's shelter in a doss-house. Mr. Howel Evans knows the varied phases of town life that he writes about, and knows how to write about them, for "A Girl Alone" is one of the ablest, vividest, and most interesting stories I have read of what London means to a girl who, ignorant of its hard and dangerous ways, is cast adrift into it.

Such hardships and squalors of poverty are not included in "The Toll of the Road" that has to be paid by Gertie Hall in Marion Hill's new novel. Gertie, a beautiful country girl, is drawn from the safe monotony of teaching in a village school and the control of an exacting village lover by the prospect of a glamorous career on the American stage. The Bohemianism and blusshless unconventionalities of the theatrical company outrage her susceptibilities considerably at first; I confess that the naively unconventional behaviour of Jarvis Pettie in a highly delicate situation startled even such a hardened spectator as myself; but before long she becomes so acclimatised to her new conditions that, when she goes on a visit to the old home, the village and all connected with it seem to have grown so impossibly tame that, faced with the problem of either marrying the faithful but boorish village lover, who has now saved up and got the house built, or returning to the stage and the fascinations of that elegant, much-married prig, the dramatist-actor Lorrimer, she plays all in on the footlights, and the village lover is stranded with nothing on his hands but the house.

Two collections of short stories as widely unlike each other as any two could be are "Nineteen Impressions" and "The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills." The quaint charm, queer simplicity, and grim or grotesque strangeness of Miss Wherry's Chinese tales in the latter will delight you; and, in the former, J. D. Beresford's bizarre psychological studies and stories of our own time and country are subtle, eerie, clever. If he does not always account for his mysteries, it may be because that intensifies their mystery or because—as he owns in a preface—he can't. So, if the reader can't either, he need not be ashamed to say so.

BOOKS TO READ.

The Wives of the Prime Ministers (1834—1906). By Elizabeth Lee. (Nisbet.)
The Free Press. By Hilaire Belloc. (Allen and Unwin.)
A Diary Without Dates. By Enid Bagnold. (Heinemann.)
A Girl Alone. By Howel Evans. (Grant Richards.)
Our Miss York. By Edwin Bateman Morris. (Cassell.)
The Toll of the Road. By Marion Hill. (John Long.)
Nineteen Impressions. By J. D. Beresford. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)
The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills. By Edith Wherry. (John Lane.)
Scandal. By Cosmo Hamilton. (Hutchinson.)
Fighting for Peace. By Henry Van Dyke. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Bernard Shaw: The Man and His Work. By Herbert Skimpole. (Allen and Unwin.)



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Viscount Moore is the son of the Earl and Countess of Drogheda, and his sister, Lady Patricia Doreen Moore, their daughter. The Countess is shortly taking her famous Aircraft Exhibition to America.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

between marrying her first employer or unpractically going back to a happy romance that began in her childhood.

Ellice Mayne, the heroine of "A Girl Alone," gets no such luck. She comes over from Australia with great expectations of easily



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CARS WAITING TO BE COMMANDEERED: ADVERTISEMENT BY AEROPLANE: AN OUT-OF-DATE LONDON ORDER.

Idle Cars.

It is in no way surprising to find a strong movement gaining ground in favour of the Government acquisition of idle cars. Thousands have been laid aside in consequence of the withdrawal of petrol from private use; but in war-time nothing should be wasted, either as regards material or labour. Even before the petrol-shortage the advisability was pointed out of securing good second-hand cars for Army and other official purposes, instead of building new ones; but in present circumstances the need is infinitely greater. Several factories are declared to be working night and day to produce cars used in the war-zone, but there are many private cars in good condition which could immediately be acquired and thus reduce appreciably the output of new material. Then, again, there is nothing from which the country as a whole is suffering more than lack of transport. Every effort should be made, accordingly, to consider motor locomotion from the national point of view, and press every vehicle into service for which fuel could be found. Whatever be the actual state

of things as regards the amount of petrol available for use, there is no gainsaying the fact that a variety of other considerations have influenced the restrictions on its use. The desire to conciliate the labouring classes, to curb extravagance as such, to reduce the amount of road-supervision by the police, and to limit the movements and possibilities for mischief of undiscovered enemies in our midst—all these things have played their part. But none of these objections would apply to the use of private cars for facilitating transport and for military purposes, and the whole subject needs looking at from a new and national point of view, in order that every drop of petrol or other liquid fuel that can be spared, and every cubic foot of gas should be applied to good purpose, and that the good material represented by idle cars should be requisitioned in the public service.

A Novel Spectacle.

When Lady Drogheda's highly interesting Exhibition was opened at the People's Palace, a pilot advertised the fact, as I mentioned at the time, by circling above the city and doing "loops" and other "stunts," in concert with a brass band which played through the streets below. Another pilot, however, has now astonished the West End with an even more wonderful display. A wedding was in progress at St. George's, Hanover Square, and the airman, presumably a friend of the contracting parties, flew quite low over the church, and gave a very captivating exhibition of the capabilities of the modern aeroplane, banking, looping, and diving in sheer exuberance. Although, of course, the London public is by now thoroughly familiar with the appearance of aeroplanes in the air over one part or another of the Metropolis, the spectacle of "stunt" flying at comparatively close quarters in the heart of the West End was decidedly novel. It may

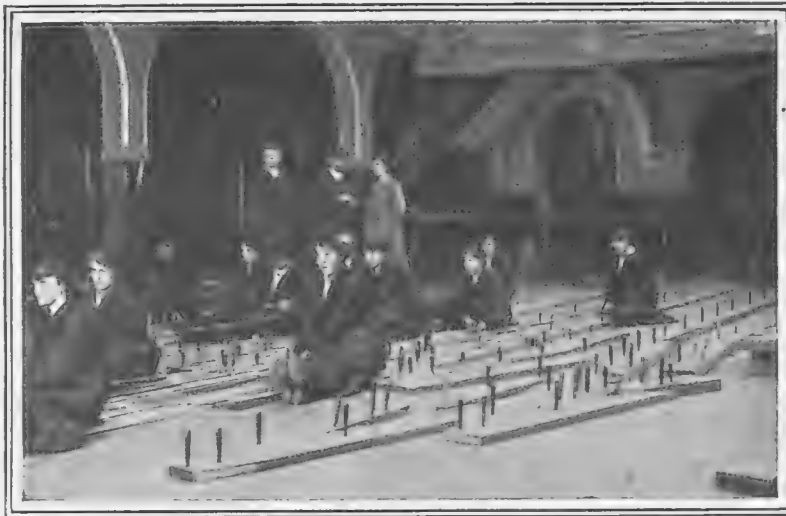
come to pass that no fashionable wedding will be regarded as complete without the accompaniment of an aerial salute for the bride, provided the lady or the bridegroom can command the friendly services of an R.F.C. pilot. But the incident foreshadows a series of much wider possibilities. The biggest sky-sign or hoarding advertisement pales in effectiveness by comparison with the opportunities of aerial propagandism; for an aeroplane, or, better still, a number of aeroplanes flying to plan, could attract the attention of the whole of London. Aeroplanes, indeed, together with a British Zeppelin and a "Blimp," were actually employed on the final days of London's Tank week; but the idea might usefully be extended by the Ministry of Food and other departments for the purpose of getting into direct touch with the public.

An Obsolete Embargo.

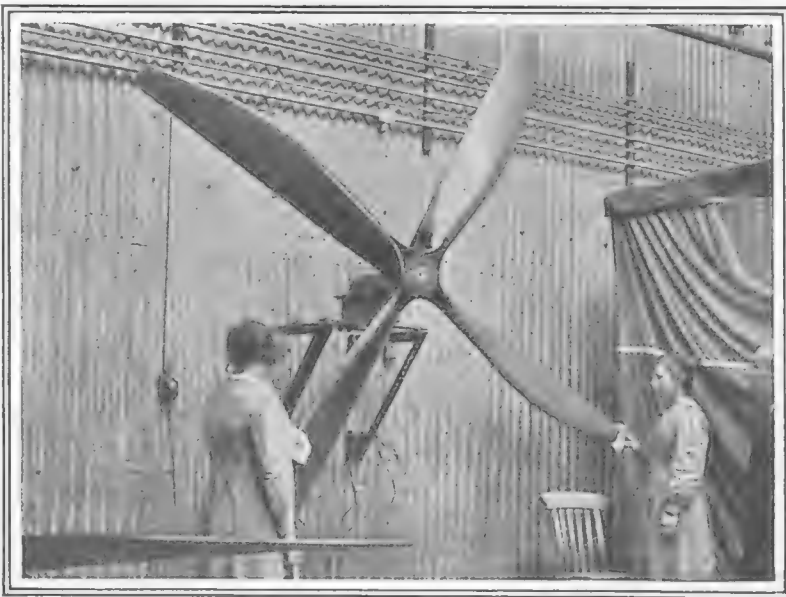
A noteworthy effect of the war, by the way, is the complete negation in practice of the Aerial Navigation Act order concerning flying over London. In September 1913, the navigation of aeroplanes was prohibited "over so much of the County of London as lies within a circle, the centre of which is Charing Cross, and the circumference is described by a radius of four miles in length." This Order was promulgated "for the purpose of protecting the public from danger," and was a thing apart from the general provisions of the Act and other orders subsequently issued, relating to the prohibition of aircraft from abroad. The underlying idea, of course, was that an aeroplane was a capricious thing, and that

if flying over buildings it might at any moment come down upon the heads of his Majesty's lieges. But goodness knows we have had aeroplanes enough over London by day and night, since the war, to establish the fact that the aeroplane is not so unstable a thing as it was painted by legislative fancy, and it is a moot point as to whether the order should not be rescinded when the war is over. As a matter of fact, the only thing that is necessary is a proviso against flying low. If a pilot finds himself in trouble with his engine, he can travel, without using the engine at all, a mile for every thousand feet of altitude simply by gliding. Consequently, even if over the four-miles radius, he could descend outside the circle if he were flying at anything over 4000 feet, which

is nowadays accounted a very low altitude. None but skilled pilots, moreover, would think of flying over the heart of London; and even in the rare event of a machine failing in some other way than that of the engine itself, and actually falling earthwards, a public inured to bombs is hardly likely to be perturbed by the sight of a fluttering aeroplane in daylight. The chances of being hit are so remote that, as an insurance risk, the possibility is negligible.



WOMEN AND THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE: ROPE-RIGGING WORKERS. The rigging is, of course, for airships.—[Official Photograph.]



WOMEN AND THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE: PROPELLER-TESTERS AND BALANCERS.—[Official Photograph.]

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LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1836.

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Paid-up Capital, £5,188,840 - 0 - 0

Reserve Fund, £4,342,826 - 0 - 0

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Joint General Managers: J. M. MADDERS, S. B. MURRAY, F. HYDE, E. W. WOOLLEY.

Dr.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31st December, 1917.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
To Capital Paid up, viz. :-			
£2 10s. 0d. per Share on 2,075,536 Shares of £12 each	5,188,840	0	0
.. Reserve Fund	4,342,826	0	0
.. Dividend payable on 1st February, 1918	350,246	14	0
.. Balance of Profit and Loss Account, as below	733,785	5	8
	10,615,697	19	8
.. Current, Deposit and other Accounts	220,551,768	9	5
Acceptances on account of Customers	8,826,865	17	6

£239,994,332 6 7

	£	s.	d.
By Cash in hand (including Gold Coin £7,000,000) and Cash at			
Bank of England	44,110,353	13	10
.. Money at Call and at Short Notice	31,003,560	9	2
.. Investments :-			
War Loans, at cost (of which £408,418 10s. is lodged for			
Public and other Accounts) and other British Govern-			
ment Securities	33,116,534	13	6
Stocks Guaranteed by the British Government, India Stocks			
and Indian Railway Debentures	181,789	10	0
British Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, British			
Corporation Stocks	1,774,673	4	2
Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks and Bonds	660,352	18	0
Sundry Investments	521,463	5	10
.. Bills of Exchange	35,052,991	17	10
	146,421	719	12 4
.. Advances on Current and other Accounts	68,510,358	1	9
.. Advances on War Loans	12,645,539	9	0
.. Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances	8,826,865	17	6
.. Bank Premises, at Head Office and Branches	2,837,210	6	0
.. Belfast Bank Shares :-			
49,688 £12 10 0 Old Shares £2 10 0 paid			
148,204 £12 10 0 New Shares £2 10 0 paid			
Cost	£1,225,908	0	0
Less part Premium on			
Shares issued	473,269	0	0
	752,639	0	0

£239,994,332 6 7

Dr.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ending 31st December, 1917.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
To Interim Dividend at 18 per cent. per ann. to June 30th, 1917,			
less Income Tax	322,703	9	11
.. Dividend payable on 1st February, 1918, at 18 per cent.			
per annum, less Income Tax	350,246	14	0
.. Reserve Fund for Contingencies	500,000	0	0
.. Salaries and Bonus to Staff serving with H.M. Forces and			
Bonus to other Members of the Staff	304,518	19	3
.. Balance carried forward to next account	733,785	5	8
	£2,211,254	8	10

	£	s.	d.
By Balance from last Account	243,538	5	10
.. Net profits for the year ending 31st December, 1917, after			
providing for all Bad and Doubtful Debts	1,967,716	3	0
	£2,211,254	8	10

EDWARD H. HOLDEN, CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR.
W. G. BRADSHAW, DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN.

DAVID DAVIES } DIRECTORS.
CARNOCK }

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:—We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Bills of Exchange and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

LONDON, 14th January, 1918.

WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS, Auditors.

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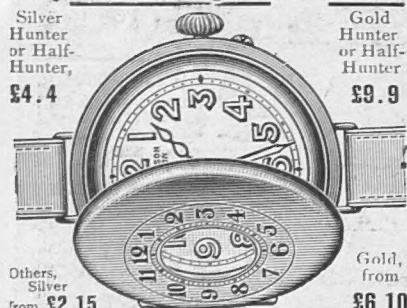
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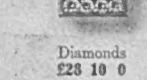




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